

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 211.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1873.

[VOL. IX.

ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE.

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED FREDERICKS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

FRANCIS is at the Louvre, surrounded by his most devoted friends and councilors, Chabannes, La Trémouille, Bonni-

Seine. In the centre of the inner court is a round tower, also moated, and defended by ramparts, ill-famed in feudal

hand of Charles V. and his wife, Jeanne de Bourbon—faces the Church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.* Beyond are gardens



"Ha! ha! by the mass!—how long has my brother of Spain figured there?"—Page 455.

vet, Montmorenci, Crequi, Cossé, De Guise, and the two Du Bellays. The Louvre is still the isolated stronghold, castle, palace, and prison, surrounded by moat, walls, and bastions, built by Philippe Auguste on the grassy margin of the

annals for its *oubliettes* and dungeons, under which the river flows. Four gates, with posterns and towers, open from the Louvre; that one opposite the Seine is the strongest. The southern gate—which is low and narrow, with statues on either

and orchards, and a house called Fromen-

* Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, one of the oldest churches in France, dedicated to St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, by Chilperic. Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, Saint-Etienne du Mont, the Hôtel de Clugny, and the Hôtel de Sens, all dating from a very early period, still remain.

teau, where lions are kept for the king's amusement.

These are the days of stately manners, intellectual culture, and increasing knowledge. Personal honor, as from man to man, is a religion, of which Bayard is the high-priest; treachery to woman a virtue inculcated by the king. The idle, rapid life of later courts is unknown under a monarch who, however addicted to pleasure, cultivates all kinds of knowledge, whose inquiring intellect seeks to master all science, to whom indolence is impossible. His very meals are chosen moments in which he converses with authors, poets, and artists, or dictates letters to Erasmus and the learned Greek Lascaris. Such industry and dignity, such grace and condescension, gather around him the great spirits of the age. He delights in their company.

It is the king's boast that he has introduced into France the study of the Greek language, botany, and natural history. He buys, at enormous prices, pictures, pottery, enamels, statues, and manuscripts. As in his fervid youth at Amboise, he loves poetry and poets. Clément Marot is his chosen guest, and polishes the king's rhymes, of which some delicate and touching stanzas (those on Agnes Sorel, especially) have come down to us.

Even that witty heretic, Rabelais, found both an appreciative protector and intelligent friend in a sovereign superior to the prejudices of his age. With learning, poetry, wit, and intellect, come luxury and boundless extravagance. Brantôme speaks as with bated breath of the royal expenditure. These are the days of broad *sombrero* hats fringed with gold, and looped up with priceless jewels and feathers; of embroidered cloaks in costly stuffs—heavy with gold or silver embroidery—hung over the shoulder; of slashed hose and richly-chased rapiers; of garments of cloth-of-gold, embroidered with armorial bearings in jewels; of satin *justaucorps* covered with *rivieres* of diamonds, emeralds, and Oriental pearls; of *torsades* and collars, wherein gold is but the foil to priceless gems. The ladies wear Eastern silks and golden tissues, with trimmings of rare furs; wide sleeves and Spanish fardingales, sparkling coifs and jewelled nets, with glittering veils. They ride in ponderous coaches covered with carving and gilding, or on horses whose pedigrees are as undoubted as their own, covered with velvet housings and with silken nets woven with jewels, their manes plaited with gold and precious stones. But these illustrious ladies consider gloves a royal luxury, and are weak in respect of stockings.

Foremost in every gorgeous mode is Francis. He wears rich Genoa velvets, and affects bright colors—rose and sky-blue. A Spanish hat is on his head,

turned up with a white plume, fastened to an *aigrette* of rubies, with a golden salamander his device, signifying, "I am nourished and I die in fire" (*Je me nourris et je meurs dans le feu*).

How well we know his dissipated though distinguished features, as portrayed by Titian! His long nose, small eyes, broad cheeks, and cynical mouth. He moves with careless grace, as one who would say, "*Que m'importe?* I am King of France; naught comes amiss to me."

Now he walks up and down the council-room in the Louvre, which looks toward the river. His step is quick and agitated, his face wears an unusual frown. He calls Bonnavet to him, and addresses him in a low voice, while the other nobles stand back.

"Am I to believe that Bourbon has not merely rebelled against me, but that the traitor has fled into Spain and made terms with Charles?"

"Your majesty's information is precise."

"What was the manner of his flight?"

"The duke, sire, waited at his fortress of Chantelle until the arrival of Monsieur de Pompérant from your majesty's court at Chambord, feigning sickness, and remaining shut up within his apartments. After Monsieur de Pompérant's arrival, a litter was ordered to await his pleasure, and De Pompérant, dressed in the clothes of the duke, and with his face concealed by a hood, was carried into the litter, which started for Moulins, travelling slowly. Meanwhile Bourbon, accompanied by a band of gentlemen, was galloping on the road to the frontier. He was last seen at Saint-Jean de Luz, in the Pyrenees."

"By our Lady!" exclaims Francis, "such treason is a blot upon knighthood. Bourbon, a man whom we had made as great as ourselves!"

"The duke, sire, left a message for your majesty."

"A message! Where? and who bore it?"

"De Pompérant, sire, who has already been arrested at Moulins. The duke begged your majesty to take back the sword which you had given him, and prayed you to send for the badge which he left hanging at the head of his bed at Chantelle."

"*Diable!* does the villain dare to point his jests at his sovereign?" and Francis flushes to the roots of his hair with passion. "I wish I had him face to face in a fair field"—and he lays his hand on the hilt of his sword—"but no," he adds, in a calmer voice, "a traitor's blood would but soil my weapon. Let him carry his perfidy into Spain—'twill suit the emperor; I am well rid of him. Are there many accomplices, Bonnavet?"

"About two hundred, sire."

"Is it possible! Do we know them?"

"The Comte de Saint-Vallier, sire, is the principal accomplice."

"What! Saint-Vallier, the captain of our archers! That strikes us nearly.—This conspiracy, my lords," says Francis, advancing to where Guise, La Trémouille, Montmorenci, and the others, stand somewhat apart during his conversation with Bonnavet, "is much more serious than I imagined. I must remain in France to wait the issue of events.—You, Bonnavet, must take command of the Italian campaign."

Bonnavet kneels and kisses the hand of Francis.

"I am sorry for Jean de Poitiers," continues Francis, turning to Guise. "Are the proofs against him certain?"

"Sire, Saint-Vallier accompanied the constable to the frontier."

"I am sorry," repeats the king, and he passes his hand thoughtfully over his brow, and muses.

"Jean de Poitiers, my *ci-devant* captain of the guards, is the father of a charming lady; Madame Diane, the Seneschal of Normandy, is an angel, though her husband, De Brézé—hum—why, he is a monster. Vulcan and Venus—the old story, eh, my lords?"

There is a general laugh.

A page enters and announces a lady humbly craving to speak with his majesty. The king smiles, his wicked eyes glisten. "Who? what? Do I know her?"

"Sire, the lady is deeply veiled; she desires to speak with your majesty alone."

"But, by St.-Denis—do I know her?"

"I think, sire, it is the wife of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy—Madame Diane de Brézé."

There is a pause, some whispering, and a low laugh is heard. The king looks around displeased. "I am not surprised," says he. "When I heard of the father's danger, I expected the daughter's intercession. Let the lady enter."

With a wave of his hand he dismisses the court, and seats himself on a chair of state under a rich canopy embroidered in gold with the arms of France.

Diane enters. She is dressed in long black robes which sweep the floor. Her head is covered with a thick lace veil, which she raises as she approaches the king. She weeps, but her tears do not mar her beauty, which is absolutely radiant. She is exquisitely fair and wonderfully fresh, with golden hair and dark eyebrows—a most winsome lady.

She throws herself at the king's feet. She clasps her hands. Her sobs drown her voice.

"Pardon, sire, pardon my father!" she at length falters. The king stoops forward, and raises her to the *estrade* on which he stands. He look tenderly into

her soft blue eyes, his hands are locked in hers.

"Your father, madame, my old and trusted servant, is guilty of treason."

"Alas! sire, I fear so; but he is old, too old for punishment. He has been hitherto a true subject of your majesty."

"He is blessed, madame, with a most surpassing daughter." Francis pauses and looks steadfastly at her with eyes of ardent admiration. "But I fear I must confirm the sentence of my judges, madame; your father is certain to be found guilty of treason."

"O sire, mercy, mercy!—grant me my father's life, I implore you;" and again Diane falls prostrate at the king's feet, and looks supplicatingly into his face. Again the king raises her.

"Well, madame, you are aware that you desire the pardon of a traitor; on what ground do you ask for his life?"

"Sire, I ask it for the sake of mercy; mercy is the privilege of kings," and her soft eyes seek those of Francis and rest upon them. "I have come so far, too, from Normandy, to invoke it—my poor father!" and she sobs again. "Your majesty will not send me back refused, broken-hearted?" Still her eyes are fixed upon the king.

"Mercy, Madame Diane, is, doubtless, a royal prerogative. I am an anointed king," and he lets go her hands, and draws himself up proudly, "and I may use it; but the prerogative of a woman is beauty. Beauty, Madame Diane," adds Francis, with a glance at the lovely woman still kneeling at his feet, "is more potent than a king's word."

There is silence for a few moments. Diane's eyes are now bent upon the ground, her bosom heaves. Francis contemplates her with delight.

"Will you, fair lady, deign to exercise your prerogative?"

"Truly, sire, I know not what your majesty would say," replies Diane, looking down and blushing.

Something in his eyes gives her hope, for she starts violently, rises, and, clasping her hands together, exclaims, "How, sire! do I read your meaning aright? can I, by my humble service to your majesty—"

"Yes, fair lady, you can. Your presence at my court, where your adorable beauty shall receive due homage, will be my hostage for your father's loyalty. Madame Diane, I declare that the Comte de Saint-Vallier is **PARDONED**. Though he had rent the crown from off our head, your father is pardoned. And I add, madame, that it was the charms of his daughter that rendered a refusal impossible."

Madame Diane's face shines like April sunshine through rain-drops; a smile parts her lips, and her glistening eyes

dance with joy; she is more lovely than ever.

"Thanks, thanks, sire!" And again she would have knelt, but the king again takes her hands, and looks into her face so earnestly that she again blushes.

Did that look of the king fascinate her? or did the sudden joy of saving her father move her heart with love? Who can tell? It is certain, however, that from this time Diane left Normandy, and became one of the brightest ornaments of that beauty-loving court. Diane was a woman of masculine understanding, concealed under the gentlest and most fascinating manners; but she was also mercenary, intriguing, and domineering. Of her beauty we may judge for ourselves, as many portraits of her are extant, especially one of great excellence by Leonardo da Vinci, in the long gallery at Chenonceau.

Diane was soon forsaken, but the ready-witted lady consoled herself by laying siege to the heart of the son of Francis, Prince Henry, afterward Henry II.

Henry surrendered at discretion. Nothing can more mark the freedom of the times than this *liaison*. Yet both these ladies—Diane de Poitiers and her successor in the favor of the king, the Duchesse d'Etampes—were constantly in the society of two most virtuous queens—Claude, and Elinor of Spain, the successive wives of Francis.

CHAPTER V.

ALL LOST SAVE HONOR.

THE next scene is in Italy. The French army lies encamped on the broad plains of Lombardy, backed by snowy lines of Alpine fastnesses.

Bonnivet, in command of the French, presumptuous and inexperienced, has been hitherto defeated in every battle. Bourbon, fighting on the side of Spain, is, as before, victorious.

Francis, stung by the repeated defeat of his troops, has now joined the army, and commands in person. Milan, where the plague rages, has opened its gates to him; but Pavia, distant about twenty miles, is occupied by the Spaniards in force. Antonio de Leyva is governor. Thither the French advance, in order to besiege the city.

The open country is defended by the Spanish forces under Bourbon. Francis, maddened by the presence of his cousin, rushes onward. Montmorenci and Bonnivet, flattered both, assure him that victory is certain by means of a *coup de main*.

It is night; the days are short, for it is February. The winter moon lights up the rich meadow-lands, divided by the

broad Ticino, and broken by the deep ditches and sluggish streams which surround the city. Tower, campanile, dome, and turret, with here and there the grim façade of a mediæval palace, stand out of the darkness.

Yonder among the meadows are the French, darkening the surrounding plain. Francis knows that the constable is advancing to support the garrison of Pavia, and he desires to carry the city by assault before his arrival. Ever too rash, and now excited by a passionate sense of injury, Francis, with d'Alençon, De la Trémouille, De Foix, and Bonnivet, leads the attack at the head of his cavalry. Now he is under the very walls. Despite the dim moonlight, no one can mistake him. He wears a suit of steel armor, inlaid with gold; a crimson surcoat, embroidered with gilt "F's;" a helmet encircled by a jewelled crown, out of which rises a yellow plume and golden salamander. For an instant success seems certain; the scaling-ladders thick with soldiers are already planted against the lowest walls, and the garrison retreats under cover of the bastions. A sudden panic seizes the troops beneath who are to support the assault. In the treacherous moonlight they have fallen into confusion among the deep, slimy ditches; many are drifted away in the current of the great river. A murderous cannonade from the city walls now opens on the assailants and on the cavalry. Francis falls back. The older generals conjure him to retreat and raise the siege before the arrival of Bourbon, but, backed by Bonnivet and Montmorenci, he will not hear of it. The battle rages during the night. The morning light discovers the Spaniards, commanded by Bourbon and Pescara, with the whole strength of their army, close under the walls. Again the king leads a fresh assault—a forlorn hope, rather. He fights desperately; the yellow plumes of his helmet wave hither and thither as his horse dashes wildly from side to side amid the smoke, in the thickest of the battle. See, for an instant he falters—he is wounded and bleeding. He recovers, however, and, again clapping spurs to his horse, scatters his surrounding foes; six have already fallen by his hand. Look! his charger is pierced by a ball, and falls with his rider. After a desperate struggle the king extricates himself; now, on foot, he still fights furiously. Alas! it is in vain. Every moment his enemies thicken around him, pressing closer and closer. His gallant followers drop one by one under the unerring aim of the Basque marksmen. La Trémouille has fallen. De Foix lies a corpse at his feet. Bonnivet, in despair, expiates his evil counsel by death.* Every shot takes

* The Duc d'Alençon, husband of Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis, who commanded the left wing of the French army, was the only man who

from him one of the pillars of his throne. Francis flings himself wildly on the points of the Spanish pikes. The Royal Guards fall like summer grass before the sickle; but, where the king stands, still dealing desperate blows, the bodies of the slain form a rampart of protection around him. His very enemies stand back, amazed at such furious courage. While he struggles for his life hand to hand with d'Avila and d'Ovieta, plumeless, soiled, and bloody, a loud cry rises from a thousand voices—"It is the king—LET HIM SURRENDER—capture the king!" There is a dead silence; the Spanish troops fall back. A circle is formed round the now almost fainting Francis, who lies upon the blood-stained earth. De Pompérant advances. He kneels before the master whom he has betrayed—he implores him to yield to Bourbon.

At that hated name the king starts into fresh fury; he grasps his sword, he struggles to his feet. "Never," cries he, in a hoarse voice; "never will I surrender to that traitor! Rather let me die by the hand of a common marksman. Go back, Monsieur de Pompérant, and call to me the Vice-king of Naples."

Lannoy advances, kneels, and kisses his hand.

"Your majesty is my prisoner," he cries aloud, and a ringing shout is echoed from the Spanish troops.

Francis gives him his sword. Lannoy receives it kneeling, and replaces it by his own. The king's helmet is then removed; a velvet cap is given to him, which he places on his head. The Spanish and Italian troopers and the deadly musketeers silently creep round him where he lies on the grass, supported by cushions, one to tear a feather from his broken plume, another to cut a morsel from his surcoat as a relic. This involuntary homage from his enemies is evidently agreeable to Francis. As his surcoat rapidly disappears under the knives of his opponents, he smiles, and graciously acknowledges the rough advances of those same soldiers who a moment before thirsted for his blood. Other generals with Pescara advance and surround him. He courteously acknowledges their respectful salutations.

"Spare my poor soldiers, spare my Frenchmen, generals," he says.

These unselfish words bring tears into Pescara's eyes.

"Your majesty shall be obeyed," replies he.

"I thank you," replies Francis, with a faltering voice.

A pony is now brought to bear him into Pavia. Francis becomes greatly agitated. As they raise him up and as-

sist him to mount, he turns to his escort of generals:

"Marquis," says he, turning to Pescara, "and you, my lord governor, if my calamity touches your hearts, as it would seem to do, I beseech you not to lead me into Pavia. I would not be exposed to the affront of entering as a prisoner a city I should have taken by assault. Carry me, I pray you, to some shelter without the walls."

"Your majesty's wishes are our law," replies Pescara, saluting him. "We will bear you to the monastery of Saint-Paul, without the gate toward Milan."

To Saint-Paul the king was carried. It was thence he wrote the historic letter to his mother, Louise de Savoie, Regent of France, in which he tells her, "*All is lost save honor.*"

CHAPTER VI.

BROKEN FAITH.

WE are at Madrid. Francis has been lured hither by incredible treachery, under the idea that he will meet Charles V., and be at once set at liberty.

He is confined in one of the rooms of the Alcazar, then used as a state-prison. A massive oaken door, clamped and barred with iron, opens from the court whence a flight of steps leads into two small chambers which occupy one of the towers. The inner room has narrow windows, closely barred. The light is dim. There is just room for a table, two chairs, and a bed. It is a cage rather than a prison.

On a chair, near an open window, sits the king. He is emaciated and pale; his cheeks are hollow, his lips are white, his eyes are sunk in his head, his dress is neglected. His glossy hair, plentifully streaked with gray, covers the head upon which he wearily leans his head. He gazes vacantly at the setting sun opposite—a globe of fire rapidly sinking below the low dark plain which bounds his view.

There are boundless plains in front of him, and on his left a range of tawny hills. A roadway runs beneath the tower, where the Imperial Guards are encamped. The gay *fanfare* of the trumpets sounding the retreat, the waving banners, the prancing horses, the brilliant accoutrements, the glancing armor of the imperial troops, mock him where he sits. Around him is Madrid. Palace, tower, and garden, rise out of a sea of buildings burnt by southern sunshine. The church-bells ring out the Ave Maria. The fading light darkens into night. Still the king sits beside the open window, lost in thought. No one comes to disturb him. Now and then some broken words escape his lips: "Save France—

my poor soldiers—brave De Foix—noble Bonnavet—see, he is tossed on the Spanish pikes. Alas! would I were dead. My sister—my little lads—the dauphin—Henry—Orleans—I shall never see you more. O God! I am bound in chains of iron—France—liberty—glory—gone—gone forever!" His head sinks on his breast; tears stream from his eyes. He falls back fainting in his chair, and is borne to his bed.

Francis has never seen Charles, who is at his capital, Toledo. The emperor does not even excuse his absence. This cold and cautious policy, this death in life, is agony to the ardent temperament of Francis. His health breaks down. A settled melancholy, a morbid listlessness overwhelms him. He is seized with fever; he rapidly becomes delirious. His royal jailer, Charles, will not believe in his danger; he still refuses to see him. False himself, he believes Francis to be shamming. The Spanish ministers are distracted by their master's obstinacy, for, if the French king dies at Madrid of broken heart, all is lost, and a bloody war with France inevitable.

At the moment when the angel of death hovers over the Alcazar, a sound of wheels is heard below. A litter, drawn by reeking mules and covered with mud, dashes into the street. The leather curtains are drawn aside, and Marguerite d'Alençon, pale and shrunk with anxiety and fatigue, attended by two ladies, having travelled from Paris day and night, descends. Breathless with excitement, she passes quickly up the narrow stairs, through the anteroom, and enters the king's chamber. Alas! what a sight awaits her! Francis lies insensible on his bed. The room is darkened, save where a temporary altar has been erected, opposite his bed, on which lights are burning. A bishop officiates. The low voices of priests, chanting as they move about the altar, alone break a death-like silence. Marguerite, overcome by emotion, clasps her hands and sinks on her knees beside her brother. Her sobs and cries disturb the solemn ordinance. She is led almost fainting away. Then the bishop approaches the king, bearing the bread of life, and, at that moment, Francis becomes suddenly conscious. He opens his eyes, and in a feeble voice prays that he may be permitted to receive it. So humbly, yet so joyfully, does he communicate that all present are deeply moved.

In spite, however, of the presence of Marguerite in Madrid, the king relapses. He again falls into a death-like trance. Then, and then only, does the emperor yield to the reproaches of the Duchesse d'Alençon and the entreaties of his ministers. He takes horse from Toledo and rides to Madrid almost without drawing rein, until he stops at the heavy door

showed himself a coward at Pavia. He turned and fled with his whole division.

at the Alcazar. He mounts the stairs and enters the chamber. Francis, now restored to consciousness, prompted by a too generous nature, opens his arms to embrace him.

"Your majesty has come to see your prisoner die," says he in a feeble voice, faintly smiling.

"No," replies Charles, with characteristic caution and Spanish courtesy, bowing profoundly and kissing him on either cheek; "no, your majesty will not die, you are no longer my prisoner; you are my friend and brother. I come to set you free."

"Ah, sire," murmurs Francis in a voice, scarcely audible, "death will accomplish that before your majesty; but if I live—and, indeed, I do not believe I shall, I am so overcome by weakness—let me implore you to allow me to treat for my release in person with your majesty; for this end I came hither to Madrid."

At this moment the conversation is interrupted by the entrance of a page, who announces to the emperor that the Duchesse d'Alençon has arrived and awaits his majesty's pleasure. Glad of an excuse to terminate a most embarrassing interview with his too confiding prisoner, Charles, who has been seated on the bed, rises hastily:

"Permit me, my brother," says he, "to leave you, in order to descend and receive your august sister in person. In the mean time recover your health. Reckon upon my willingness to serve you. Some other time we will meet; then we can treat more in detail of these matters, when your majesty is stronger and better able to converse."

Charles takes an affectionate leave of Francis, descends the narrow stairs, and, with much ceremony, receives the duchess.

"I rejoice, madame," says he, "to offer you in person the homage of all Spain, and my own hearty thanks for the courage and devotion you have shown in the service of the king my brother. He is a prisoner no longer. The conditions of release shall forthwith be prepared by my ministers."

"Is the king fully aware what those conditions are, sire?" Marguerite coldly asks.

Charles was silent.

"I fear our mother, Madame Louise, Regent of France," continues the Duchesse d'Alençon, "may find it difficult to accept your conditions, even though it be to liberate the sovereign of France, her own beloved son."

"Madame," replies Charles, evasively, "I will not permit this occasion, when I have the happiness of first saluting you within my realm, to be occupied with state affairs. Rely on my desire to set my brother free. Meanwhile the king

will, I hope, recover his strength. Pressing business now calls me back to Toledo. Adieu! most illustrious princess, to whom I offer all that Madrid contains for your service. Permit me to kiss your hands. Salute my brother, the king, from me. Once more, royal lady, adieu!"

Marguerite courtesies to the ground. The emperor, with his head uncovered, mounts his horse, again salutes her, and, attended by his retinue, puts spurs to his steed and rides from the Alcazar on his return to Toledo. Marguerite fully understands the treachery of his words. Her heart swelling with indignation, she slowly ascends to the king's chamber.

"Has the emperor departed already?" Francis eagerly asks her.

"Yes, my brother; pressing business, he says, calls him back to Toledo," replies Marguerite, bitterly, speaking very slowly.

"What! gone so soon, before giving me an opportunity of discussing with him the terms of my freedom? Surely, my sister, this is strange," says Francis, turning eagerly toward the duchess, and then sinking back, pale and exhausted, on his pillows.

Marguerite seats herself beside him, takes his hand tenderly within both her own, and gazes at him in silence.

"But, my sister, did my brother, the emperor, say *nothing* to you of his speedy return?"

"Nothing," answers Marguerite, dryly.

"Yet he assured me, with his own lips, that I was already free, and that the conditions of release would be prepared immediately."

"Dear brother," says the duchess, "has your imprisonment at Madrid, and the conduct of the emperor to you this long time past, inclined you to believe what he says?"

"I, a king myself, should be grieved to doubt a brother sovereign's word."

"Francis," says Marguerite, speaking with great earnestness, and fixing her eyes on him, "what you say convinces me that you are weakened by illness. Your naturally acute intellect is dulled by the confusion of recent delirium. If you were in full possession of your senses you would not speak as you do. My brother, take heed of my words—you will never be free."

"How!" exclaims the king, starting up, "never be free? What do you mean?"

"Calm yourself, my brother. You are, I fear, too weak to hear what I have to say."

"No, no! my sister; suspense to me is worse than death. Speak to me, Marguerite; speak to me, my sister."

"Then, sire, let me ask you, when you speak of release, when the emperor tells you you are free, are you aware of the conditions he imposes on you?"

"Not accurately," replies Francis. "Certain terms were proposed, before my illness, that I should surrender whole provinces in France, renounce my rights in the Milanese, pay an enormous ransom, leave my sons hostages at Madrid; but these were the proposals of the Spanish council. The emperor, speaking personally to a brother sovereign, would never press any thing on me unbecoming my royal condition; therefore it is that I desire to treat with himself alone."

"Alas! my brother, you are too generous; you are deceived. Much negotiation has passed during your illness, and since my arrival. Conditions have been proposed by Spain to the regent, that she—your mother—supported by the Parliament of your country, devoted to your person, has refused. Listen to me, Francis. Charles seeks to dismember France. As long as it remains a kingdom, he intends that you shall never leave Madrid."

"Marguerite, my sister, proceed, I entreat you!" breaks in Francis, trembling with excitement.

"Burgundy is to be ceded; you are to renounce all interest in Flanders and in the Milanese. You are to pay a ransom that will beggar the kingdom. You are to marry Elinor, Queen-Dowager of Portugal, sister to Charles, and you are to leave your sons, the dauphin and the Duc d'Orléans, hostages in Spain for the fulfilment of these demands."

Francis turns very white, and sinks back speechless on the pillows that support him. He stretches out his arm to his sister and fondly clasps her neck.

"Marguerite, if it is so, you say well—I shall never leave Madrid. My sister, let me die ten thousand deaths rather than betray the honor of France."

"Speak not of death, dearest brother!" exclaims Marguerite, her face suddenly flushing with excitement. "I have come to make you live. I, Marguerite d'Alençon, your sister, am come to lead you back to your army and to France; to the France that mourns for you; to the army that is now dispersed and insubordinate; to the mother who weeps for her beloved son."

Marguerite's voice falters; she sobs aloud, and, rising from her chair, she presses her brother in her arms. Francis feebly returns her embrace, tenderly kisses her, and signs to her to proceed.

"Think you," continues Marguerite, more calmly, and reseating herself, but still holding the king's hand—"think you that councils in which *Bourbon* has a voice—"

At this name the king shudders and clinches his fist upon the bedclothes.

"Think you that a sovereign who has treacherously lured you to Madrid will have any mercy on you? No, my brother; unless you agree to unworthy conditions, imposed by a treacherous mon-

arch who abuses his power over you, here you will languish until you die! Now, mark my words, dear brother. Treaties made under *dureesse*, by *force majeure*, are legally void. You will dissemble, my generous king—for the sake of France, you will dissemble. You must fight this crafty emperor with his own weapons."

"What! my sister, be false to my word—I, a belted knight, invested by the hands of Bayard on the field of Marignano, stoop to a lie? Marguerite, you are mad!"

"O Francis, hear me!" cries Marguerite, passionately, "hear me; on my knees I conjure you to live, for yourself, for us, for France." She casts herself on the floor beside him. She wrings his hands, she kisses his feet, her tears falling thickly. "Francis, you must, you shall consent. By-and-by you will bless me for this tender violence. You are not fit to meddle in this matter. Leave to me the care of your honor; is it not my own? I come from the regent, from the council, from all France. Believe me, brother, if you are perjured, all Europe will applaud the perjury."

Marguerite, whose whole frame quivers with agitation, speaks no more. There is a lengthened pause. The flush of fever is on the king's face.

"My sister," murmurs Francis, struggling with a broken voice under the influence of deep emotion to express himself, "you have conquered. Into your hands I commit my honor and the future of France. Leave me a while to rest, for I am faint."

Treaties made under *dureesse* by *force majeure* are legally void. The emperor must be decoyed into the belief that terms are accepted by Francis, which are to be broken the instant his foot touches French soil. It is with the utmost difficulty that the chivalrous monarch can be brought to lend himself to this deceit. But the prayers of his sister, the deplorable condition of his kingdom deprived of his presence for nearly five years, the terror of returning illness, and the thorough conviction that Charles is as perfidious as he is ambitious, at length prevail. Francis ostensibly accepts the emperor's terms, and Queen Claude being dead, he affiances himself to Charles's sister, Elinor, Queen-Dowager of Portugal.

Francis was perjured, but France was saved.

CHAPTER VII.

LA DUCHESSE D'ETAMPES.

Riding with all speed from Madrid—for he fears the emperor's perfidy—Francis has reached the frontier of Spain, on the banks of the river Bidassoa.

His boys—the dauphin and the Duc d'Orléans, who are to replace him at Madrid as hostages—await him there. They rush into their father's arms and fondly cling to him, weeping bitterly at this cruel meeting for a moment after years of separation. Francis, with ready sympathy, mingles his tears with theirs. He embraces and blesses them. But, wild with excitement of liberty, and insecure while on Spanish soil, he cannot spare time for details. He hands the poor lads over to the Spanish commissioners. Too impatient to await the arrival of the ferry-boat, which is pulling across the river, he steps into the waters of the Bidassoa to meet it. On the opposite bank, among the low scrub-wood, a splendid retinue awaits him. He springs into the saddle, waves his cap in the air, and with a joyous shout exclaims, "Now I am a king! Now I am free!"

The political vicissitudes of Francis's reign are as nothing to the chaos of his private life; only as a lover he was never defeated. No humiliating Pavia arrests his successful course. At Bayonne he finds a brilliant court; his mother the regent, and his sister Marguerite, awaiting his arrival. After "*les embrasseurs d'usage*," as Du Bellay quaintly expresses it, the king's eye wanders over the parterre of young beauties assembled in their suite, "*la petite bande des dames de la cour*." Then Francis first beholds Anne de Pisseleu, afterward Duchesse d'Etampes. No one can compare to her in the tyranny of youth, beauty, and talent. A mere girl, she already knows every thing, and is, moreover, astute, witty, and false. In spite of the efforts of Diane de Poitiers to attract the king (she having come to Bayonne in attendance on the regent-mother), Anne de Pisseleu prevails. The king is hers. He delights in her joyous sallies. Anne laughs at every one and every thing, specially at the pretensions of Madame Diane, whom she calls "an old hag." She declares that she herself was born on Diane's wedding-day!

Who can resist so bewitching a creature? Not Francis, certainly. So the court divides itself into two factions in love, politics, and religion. One party, headed by the Duchesse d'Etampes—a Protestant, and mistress of the reigning monarch; a second by Madame Diane de Poitiers—a Catholic, who, after many efforts, finding the king inaccessible, devotes herself to his son, Prince Henry, a mere boy, at least twenty years younger than herself, and waits his reign. Oddly enough, it is the older woman who waits, and the younger one who rules.

The regent-mother looks on approvingly. Morals, especially royal morals, do not exist. Madame Louise de Savoie is ambitious. She would not see the new Spanish queen—a comely princess, as

she hears from her daughter Marguerite—possess too much influence over the king. It might injure her own power. The poor Spanish queen! No fear that her influence will injure any one! The king never loves her, and never forgives her being forced upon him as a clause in the ignominious treaty of Madrid. Besides, she is thirty-two years old and a widow; grave, dignified, and learned, but withal a lady of agreeable person, though of mature and well-developed charms. Elinor admired and loved Francis when she saw him at Madrid, and all the world thought that the days were numbered in which Madame d'Etampes would be seen at court. "But," says Du Bellay, either with perfect *naïveté* or profound irony, "it was impossible for the king to offer to the virtuous Spanish princess any other sentiments than respect and gratitude, the Duchesse d'Etampes being sole mistress of his heart!" So the royal lady fares no better than Queen Claude, "with the roses in her soul," and only receives, like her, courtesy and indifference.

The king returns to the Spanish frontier to receive Queen Elinor and to embrace the sons, now released, to whom she has been a true mother during the time they have been hostages at Madrid.

By-and-by, the queen's brother—that mighty and perfidious sovereign, Charles V., Emperor of Germany—passing to his estates in the Netherlands, "craves leave of his beloved brother, Francis, King of France, to traverse his kingdom on his way," so great is his dread of the sea-voyage on account of sickness.

Some days before the emperor's arrival, Francis is at the Louvre. He has repaired and embellished it in honor of his guest, and has pulled down the central tower, or donjon, called "Philipine," which encumbered the inner court. By-and-by he will pull down all the mediæval fortress, and, assisted by Lescot, begin the palace known as the "Old Louvre."

Francis is seated *tête-à-tête* with the Duchesse d'Etampes. The room is small—a species of boudoir or closet. It is hung with rare tapestry, representing, in glowing colors, the "Labors of Hercules." Venetian mirrors, in richly-carved frames, fling back the light of a central chandelier, also of Venetian workmanship, cunningly wrought into gaudy flowers, diamond pendants and true-lovers' knots. It is a blaze of brightness and color. Rich velvet hangings, heavy with gold embroidery, cover the narrow windows and hang over the low doors. The king and the duchess sit beside a table of inlaid marble, supported on a pedestal, marvellously gilt, of Italian workmanship, on which are laid fruits, wines, and *confitures*, served in golden vessels worked in the *Cinque-cento* style, after Cellini's patterns. Besides themselves,

Triboulet,* the king's fool, alone is present. As Francis holds out his cup time after time to Triboulet, who replenishes it with Malvoisie, the scene composes itself into a perfect picture, such as Victor Hugo has imagined in "*Le Roi s'amuse*;" so perfect, indeed, that Francis might have sung "*La donna è mobile*," as he now does in Verdi's opera of "*Rigoletto*."

"Sire," says the duchess, her voice dropping into a most delicious softness, "do you leave us to-morrow?"

The king bows his head and kisses her jewelled fingers.

"So you persist in going to meet your brother, the Emperor Charles, your loving brother of Spain; whom I hate because he was so cruel to you at Madrid?"

The duchess looks up and smiles. Her eyes are beautiful, but hard and cruel. She wears an ermine mantle, for it is winter; her dress is of the richest green satin, embroidered with gold. On her head is a golden net, the meshes sprinkled with diamonds, from which her dark tresses escape in long ringlets over her shoulders.

Francis turns toward her and pledges her in a cup of Malvoisie. The corners of his mouth are drawn up into a cynical smile almost to his nostrils. He has now reached middle life, and his face at that time would have made no man's fortune.

"Duchess," says he, "I must tear myself from you. I go to-morrow to Touraine. Before returning to Paris, I shall attend my brother the Emperor Charles at Loches, then at Amboise on the Loire. You will soon follow me with the queen."

"And, surely, when you have this heartless king, this cruel jailer in your power, you will punish him and revenge yourself? If he, like a fool, comes into Touraine, make him revoke the treaty of Madrid, or shut him up in one of Louis XI.'s oubliettes at Amboise or Loches."

"I will persuade him, if I can, to liberate me from all the remaining conditions of the treaty," said the king, "but I will never force him."

As he speaks, Triboulet, who has been shaking the silver bells on his party-colored dress with suppressed laughter, pulls out some ivory tablets to add something to a list he keeps of those whom he considers greater fools than himself. He calls it "his journal."

The king looks at the tablets and sees the name of Charles V.

"Ha! ha! by the mass!—how long

has my brother of Spain figured there?" asks he.

"The day, sire, that I heard he had put his foot on the French frontier."

"What will you do when I let him depart freely?"

"I shall," said Triboulet, "rub out his name and put yours in its place, sire."

"See, your majesty, there is some one else who agrees with me," says the duchess, laughing.

"I know," replies Francis, "that my interests would almost force me to do as you desire, madame, but my honor is dearer to me than my interests. I am now at liberty—I had rather the treaty of Madrid should stand forever than countenance an act unworthy of 'un roi chevalier.'"

Francis receives Charles V. at Amboise with ostentatious splendor. Aware of the repugnance of his royal guest to mount steps (the Spanish emperor was early troubled by those attacks of gout that caused him at length to abdicate and to die of premature old age, at the monastery of San Juste), Francis caused an inclined plane or slope to be constructed in place of stairs within one of the round towers by which the Castle of Amboise, standing on a precipitous pile of rocks, is approached. Up this slope, which remains in excellent preservation, Charles ascends to the plateau on which the castle stands, seated in his ponderous coach, drawn by heavy horses, attended by guards and outriders. Elinor, his sister, the neglected queen, as well as the favorite, Madame d'Etampes, are present at the *fêtes* given in honor of the emperor. There are no secrets at court, and Charles soon comes to know that the *maitresse en titre* is his enemy. One evening, after a dance executed by Anne d'Etampes along with the ladies of the court, in which she displayed the graces of her person, the emperor approaches her.

"Madame," he says, "it is only in France that I have seen such perfection of elegance and beauty. My brother, the king, would be the envy of all the sovereigns of Europe could they have witnessed what I have just seen. There is no ransom that I would accept for such a captive, had I the power of retaining her at Madrid."

The emperor's eyes melt with admiration as he gazes on her.

The duchess's countenance beams with delight at the emperor's high-flown compliment.

The king approaches the spot where they stand.

"Know, my brother," says the king, with a slight touch of irony in his tone, for he is displeased at the tender glances Charles is casting on his favorite, "know that this fair duchess would have had me detain you here a prisoner until you had revoked the treaty of Madrid."

The emperor starts visibly and frowns.

"If you consider the advice good, your majesty had better follow it," he replies, haughtily, turning away to address some nobles standing near.

Some few days afterward the duchess gives a supper in her apartments, to which the emperor and the court are invited. After the reception, sinking on her knees, she presents his majesty with rose-water in a gold-embossed basin, in which to wash his hands. Charles adroitly drops a large diamond ring into the basin. The duchess stoops and places the vessel on the ground in order to pick up the jewel.

"This ring, madame," he says, and he speaks low, and leans forward in order to catch her ear, "is too becoming to that fair hand for me to remove it. It has itself sought a new possessor," and he kisses her hand. "Keep it as a pledge of my admiration and my friendship."

The duchess rises and makes a deep obeisance. Not only did she keep the ring, but she became so decided a partisan of this "jailer," that she is popularly accused of having betrayed Francis to the emperor; specially in the subsequent wars between England, France, and Spain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRESSANT.*

A NOVEL.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FLANK MOVEMENT.

BRESSANT was lying comfortably upon his bed with his eyes closed; no one would have imagined there had been any outburst or convulsion of passion in his mental or emotional organism. He breathed easily; there was a pale tint of red in his cheeks, above his close brown beard; his forehead was slightly moist, and his pulse, on which the surgeon laid his finger with professional instinct, beat quietly and regularly. In entering upon the world of love, all marks of wounds received upon the journey seemed to have passed away.

He opened his eyes at the professor's touch, and fixed them upon the old gentleman with such a serene stare of untroubled complacency as one sometimes receives from a baby nine months old.

"Well, sir"—the professor, from some subtle delicacy of feeling respecting the prospective change in their relationship, adopted this form of address in preference to that more paternal one he had been in the habit of using since Bressant's accident—"well, sir, how do you find yourself now?"

"Much better. I shall soon be well now. I feel differently from ever before—very light

* Triboulet had been court-fool to Louis XII., who first discerned his good qualities, and rescued him from a most forlorn position. Triboulet's sayings are almost a chronicle of the time, so much was he mixed up with the life of the two sovereigns he served. Brusquet, who compiled the "Fools' Calendar," succeeded him in the office of jester to Francis.

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

and full here," said the young man, indicating the region of his heart.

"I've seen Sophie," observed Professor Valeyon, after a somewhat long silence, which Bressant, who had calmly closed his eyes again, showed no intention of breaking.

"Sophie and I love each other," responded he, meditatively, and rather to himself than to the father. The latter could not but feel some surprise at the untroubled confidence the young man's manner displayed. Before he could put his thought into fitting words, the other spoke again:

"I've been thinking I should like to marry her."

"You'd like to marry her?" repeated the old gentleman, with a mixture of sternness and astonishment, his forehead reddening. "What else do you suppose I expected, sir?"

Bressant turned over on his side, and regarded him with some curiosity. "Do all people who love each other, or because they love each other, marry?" demanded he.

For a moment the professor seemed to suspect some latent satire in this question; but the young man's face convinced him to the contrary.

"In many marriages there's little love—true love—on either side, that's certain," said he, passing his hand down his face, and looking grave. "But marriage was ordained for none but lovers."

"The reason I want to be married to Sophie is, because I love her so much I couldn't live without her," resumed Bressant, as if stating some unusual circumstance.

"Humph!" ejaculated the professor, partly amused and partly puzzled.

Bressant rubbed his forehead and fingered his beard a while, and then continued:

"We've been reading poetry lately, and romances, and such things. I used to think they were nonsense—good for nothing—because they came out so beautifully, and represented love to be so great an element in the world. But now I see they were not good enough; they are much below the truth. I mean to write poetry and romances myself!"

This tickled Professor Valeyon so much that he burst out in a most genuine laugh. The intellectual animal of two or three months before seemed to have laid aside all claims to what his brain had won for him, and to be beginning existence over again with a new object and new materials. And had Bressant indeed been a child, the succession of his ideas and impulses could hardly have been more primitive and natural.

"What's to become of our Hebrew and history, if you turn poet?" inquired the old gentleman, still chuckling.

Bressant turned his head away, and closed his eyes wearily. "I don't want any thing more to do with that," said he. "Love is study enough, and work enough, for a lifetime. Mathematics, and logic, and philosophy—all those things, have nothing to do with love; and couldn't help me in it. It's outside of every thing else; it has laws of its own. I'm just beginning to learn them."

"A professional lover! Well, as long as you recognize the sufficiency of one object in your studies, you might do worse, that's cer-

tain. But you can't make a living out of it, my boy."

"I don't need money; I have enough; if I hadn't, money-making is for men without hearts; but mine is bigger than my head. I must give myself up to it."

"That won't do," returned the professor, shaking his head. "Lovers must earn their bread-and-butter as well as people with brains. Besides," here his face and tone became serious, "there's one thing we've both forgotten. This matter of your false name; you can't be married as Bressant, you know; and if the tenure of your property depends, as you said, on preserving the *incognito*, I have reason to believe that you stand an excellent chance of losing every cent of it the moment the minister has pronounced your real name."

"No matter!" said the young man, with an impatient movement, as if to dismiss an unprofitable subject. "I shall have Sophie; my father's will can't deprive me of her. I don't want to be famous, nor to have a great reputation—except with her."

The old man was touched at this devotion, unreasonable and impracticable though it was. He laid his hand kindly on the invalid's big shoulder.

"I don't say but that a wife's a good exchange for the world, my boy; I'm glad you should feel it, too. But when you marry her, you promise to support her, as long as you have strength and health to do it. It's a natural and necessary consequence of your love for her"—here the professor paused a moment to marvel at the position in which he found himself, stating the first axioms of life to such a man as this pupil of his; "and you should be unwilling to take her, as I certainly should be to give her, on any other terms. If your hands are empty, you must at any rate be able to show that they won't always continue so."

"Well; but I don't want to think about that just now. I can be a farmer, or a clerk; I can make a living with my body if I can't with my mind; and I can write to Mrs. Vanderplanck some time, and find out just how things are."

"Very well—very well! or, perhaps, I'd better write to her myself. As long as you are on your back, there'll be no use in troubling you with business—that's certain! And, perhaps, things may turn out better than they look, in the end."

As Professor Valeyon pronounced this latter sentence, he smiled to himself pleasantly and mysteriously. He seemed to fancy he had stronger grounds for believing in a happy issue than, for some reason, he was at liberty to disclose. And the smile lingered about the corners of his mouth and eyes, as if the issue in question were to be of that peculiarly harmonious kind usually supposed to be reserved for the themes of poems or the conclusions of novels.

"I never was interested to hear of the every-day lives of men who have loved, and wanted to make their way in the world; for I never expected I should be such a man. Now, I'm sorry; it would have been useful to me, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it might," responded the old gentleman, musing at the change in the atti-

tude of the young man's mind—once so self-sufficient and assertive, now so dependent and inexperienced. "Very few lives are bare and empty enough not to teach one something worth knowing. I know the events of one man's life," he added, after a few moments of thoughtful consideration; "perhaps it might lead to some good if I were to tell them to you."

"Did he marry a woman he loved?" demanded Bressant.

"You can judge better of that when you hear what happened before his marriage," returned the professor, apparently a little put out by the abruptness of the question. "He made several mistakes in life; most of them because he didn't pay respect enough to circumstances; thought that to adhere to fixed principles was the whole duty of a man; nothing to be allowed to the accidents of life, or to the various and unaccountable natures of men—their uncertainty, fallibility, and so on. One of the first resolutions he made—and he's never broken it; for, when he grew wise enough to do so, the opportunity had gone by forever—was never to leave his native country. He wanted to prove to himself, and to everybody else whom it might concern, that a man of fair abilities might become learned and wise without ever helping himself to the good things that lay beyond the shadow of his native flag. 'The majority of people have to live where they're born,' was his argument; 'I'll be their representative.' Well, that would seem well enough; but it stood in his way twice: each time lost him an opportunity that has never come again—the opportunity to be distinguished, and, perhaps, great; and the opportunity to have a happy home and a luxurious one. It was better for him, no doubt, that his life was a hard and disappointed one instead of—as it might have been; he's had blessings enough, that's certain; but he has much to regret, too; the more, because the ill effects of a man's folly and wilfulness fall upon his friends quite as often, and sometimes more heavily, than upon himself."

"He was a poor man in college, and an orphan. The property of his family had been lost in the War of 1812. From then till he was twenty-one he had followed a dozen trades, and saved a couple of hundred dollars; and he'd picked up book-learning enough to enter the sophomore class. The first thing he did was to make a friend. He loved him with his whole heart; thought nothing was too good for him, and so on. He and his friend led the class for three years; and up to the time of the last examination he was first and his friend second. In the examination they sat side by side. One question the friend couldn't answer; the other wrote it out for him. After the examination the two papers were found to be alike in the answer of that question, and the friend was summoned before the faculty, and asked if he had copied it. He denied it; said it had been copied from him; so he took the first rank in graduating, and the other was dropped several places."

"What became of their friendship after that?" inquired Bressant.

"He I'm telling you of never knew any

thing of what his friend had done till long afterward. Well, the faculty and some of the wealthy patrons of the university determined to send the first scholar abroad to finish his education. He accepted the offer eagerly, and sailed for Europe without bidding his friend good-by. Afterward the faculty made the same offer to him, on the consideration that he had stood so well during his course, until the examination. But he declined it; it was contrary to his principle of never leaving his country."

"What sort of a man was the friend?" asked Bressant, who was paying close attention, with his hand at his ear.

"Clever, with a winning manner, and fine-looking; had a pleasant, easy voice; never lost his temper, that I know of." The professor paused—perhaps to arrange his ideas, ere he went on. "The man I'm telling you of left the college-yard with as much of the world before him as lies between the fiftieth and twenty-fifth parallels of latitude and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. He'd made up his mind to be a physician; and in a year he was qualified to enter the hospital; worked there four years, and, by the time he was twenty-nine, he had an office of his own and a good practice.

"At last he fell in love with a beautiful woman. She was the daughter of one of his patients—a Southerner, with a little Spanish blood in him. The young doctor had, under Providence, saved the man's life; and since he himself came of a good family—none better—and had a respectable income, there wasn't much difficulty in arranging the match. The only condition was, that the father should never be out of reach of his daughter as long as he lived."

"Was this Southerner rich?"

"Very rich; and a dowry would go with the daughter—enough to make them more than independent for the rest of their lives. Well, just about that time, the friend who had gone to Europe came back. He'd done well abroad, and was qualified for a high position at home. He was engaged to marry a stylish, aristocratic girl, who was not, however, wealthy. But he seemed very glad to see the doctor; and the doctor certainly was glad to see him, and invited him to stay at his house a while; and he introduced him into the home of his intended wife."

Here the professor broke off from his story, and getting up from his chair he paced two or three times up and down the room, stopping at the window to pull a leaf from the extended branch of a cherry-tree growing outside, and again, by the empty fireplace, to roll the leaf up between his finger and thumb, and throw it upon the hearth. When he returned to the bedside he dropped himself into his chair with the slow, inelastic heaviness of age.

"The fellow played him a scurvy trick," resumed he, presently. "Exactly what he said or did will never be known, but it was all he safely could, to put his friend in a bad light. It was because he wanted the young lady for himself. He was ambitious, and needed her money to help him on. What he said made a good deal of impression on the father; but the daughter wouldn't believe it

then; at any rate, she loved the doctor still, and would, as long as she knew he loved her."

"Why didn't the other manage to make her think he didn't?"

"Well, sir, he did manage it," returned the professor, compressing his white-bearded lips, and lowering his eyebrows. "He told the father some story of having met relations of his in Spain; told him the climate would cure him of all his ailments without need of a physician, and persuaded him to make the journey, at last. The doctor heard of it first by a note, written by his intended father-in-law. It contained no request nor encouragement to accompany them—of course the daughter was to go too; her father wouldn't separate from her. But the doctor's friend had not trusted only to that; he knew that the other's resolution never to leave his country was not likely to be broken, so he was quite secure."

"And the doctor knew nothing of how his friend was cheating him?"

"No, not then. Far from it, he showed him the letter, and asked him for advice. He never dreamed of doubting his constancy, either to himself or to the girl he was engaged to marry. His friend counselled him to write a letter to her he meant to make his wife, explaining his position, and asking her not to leave him. He would carry it to her, and advocate it himself, he said, and do all in his power to influence the father. The young doctor didn't altogether relish this course; nevertheless, he trusted in his friend, wrote the letter, and gave it into his hands.

"He never saw his friend after that day. The next morning came an answer from the young lady—a cruel and cold rejection of him—a repudiation of his love and a doubt of his honor. It bewildered him, and, for a time, crushed him. Long afterward he found out that she had never seen the letter he wrote, but a very different one of his friend's concoction.

"Very soon afterward they were gone—all three, and before a year was passed, he heard that his friend and the daughter were married, and the father dead of a fever contracted in Spain.

"He tried to go on as usual for several months, but it was no use. At last he left his practice, and all his connections, and wandered over the United States—through towns and wildernesses. He rode across the plains on a mustang; clambered through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; saw the tide come in through the Golden Gate at San Francisco. He pushed north as far as Canada, and thence came down the Mississippi to New Orleans. From there he crossed to the Pacific coast again, and lived to find himself a second time in San Francisco. He didn't stay there long, but struck overland, slanting southward, and in four or five months appeared at Charleston, South Carolina. So he worked up the Atlantic coast to New York. By the time he got there, he was older and wiser, and strengthened, body and mind, by a rough and sad experience. He resolved to travel no more, but, as yet, it was not in his power to feel happy.

"Much had happened in his absence. His

friend, after living three or four years with his wife in Europe, was separated from her—not, however, by a regular divorce—and she had disappeared, and had not since been heard of. It was reported that she was dead. She had left with her husband a son, two or three years old, at that time a sickly little fellow, scarcely expected to live. It was supposed that the mother had discovered that it was her money and not herself that her husband cared for; and perhaps, too, may have imagined him to be still thinking of his first love, who, indeed, was said to have in some way fomented the quarrel between them, though how, or to what end, was never known. She, by-the-way, after an absence of some years from New York, suddenly reappeared there, and married a wealthy old Knickerbocker, who died not long afterward, and left her his property. She became eminent in society, and was intimate with all the most distinguished people. Her former lover returned from Europe with his little son, and, I believe, settled somewhere in the neighborhood of New York. They met, and, I understand, came to be on very friendly terms with one another; but the conditions of their lives would have prevented the possibility of marriage, even had they desired it.

"Well, it was before the old Knickerbocker's death that he I am telling you of first arrived in the city. He gave up medicine, and devoted himself to other studies; and in the course of a few years he found himself occupying the chairs of History and of Science at the University of New York. He also paid some attention to politics, and became, for a while, a person of really considerable renown and distinction. His prospects were quite brilliant; he was known and respected by the most influential persons in the city. Among the rest, he became acquainted with the widow—as she was by this time, of the Knickerbocker—and she showed him every kindness and attention. But he did her the injustice of not believing her kindness genuine; he imagined that she cared for nothing but fashion and display, and was polite to him only because she thought he would add a little lustre to her drawing-rooms. At length, a sudden weariness of his mode of life coming over him, he resigned his public positions and his professorships, and took lodgings in the family of a poor clergyman in Boston. While there, he took up the study of divinity, and before long was fully qualified for ordination. But at this time he fell, all at once, dangerously ill, and lay at death's door.

"He owed his life to the care that the daughter of the clergyman took of him. She was a sweet, gentle girl, a good deal younger than he; but she grew to love him, perhaps because she had saved him from death. When he recovered, they were married, and found a great deal of happiness; there was no more passionate love, for him, of course; but he could feel gratitude, and tenderness, and a steady and deep affection. They had two children, and when they were five or six, years old the parents moved to the country, and took a house in an out-of-the-way village."

"Is that all?" demanded Bressant, ey-

ing the professor's face with great intentness.

"There's not much more. One of the first persons the minister—such he was now—met, on his entrance into the village, was the woman he had loved first—the wife of his false friend—she whom he had long believed dead. She had settled, several years before, in this place, whither he had unawares followed her. In an interview—the first for nearly half a lifetime—all the old errors and falsehoods were cleared up. She told him how her husband's heartlessness and insolent indifference had made her leave him; and how, for the sake of her son, and partly also out of pride, she had made no attempt to repossess herself of the fortune with which she had endowed her husband at their marriage. The hardest of all had been to leave her son, whom she loved with her whole heart; but he was sickly, and she dared not expose him to the chances of privation and hardship, such as she expected to endure. With some three thousand dollars in her pocket, she had come to America, and since then had never heard a word of those she had left, nor had they of her.

"About three years after his arrival, the minister's wife died. He took his two children and went with them to New York, where they stayed nearly a year; and the widow of the old Knickerbocker found them out, and was as cordial as ever. But finally the minister decided to return to his country dwelling, and there he still remains."

As Professor Valeyon concluded, he looked toward his auditor, having been conscious, especially during the latter part of the narrative, of the peculiar magnetic sensation which the steady glance of the young man's eyes produced. But, at the same moment, Bressant turned his head away and closed his eyes, as if wearied by the strain which had been imposed upon his attention. The old gentleman presently arose, and, after a moment's hesitation, he apparently decided not to disturb or rouse his patient any further. He could wait until another time for whatever discussion yet remained. So he betook himself quietly to the door.

He had nearly closed it, when, thinking he heard a sudden call or exclamation from within, he hastily reopened it, and looked into the room. But the invalid showed no signs of having spoken. His position was slightly changed, indeed; but his eyes were still closed, and his face turned somewhat away from the door.

"I must have been mistaken," said Professor Valeyon, as he shut himself into the study. He walked to the table, and, resting one hand upon it, stood for several moments with his head bent forward, thinking. As he raised it, a sigh escaped him; nor was his countenance so serene as it had been half an hour before.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INTERMISSION.

BRESSANT'S recovery was now very rapid, as he had himself foretold. The wedding was finally fixed for New-Year's day, at noon.

They were to be married at the Parsonage; afterward they might go South for two or three months; but it was understood that they would return to the village before settling permanently anywhere.

"If there isn't room for us here, we can board at Abbie's; it would be very pleasant, wouldn't it?" said Sophie. But Bressant made no rejoinder.

Professor Valeyon was getting on well beneath the weight of his prospective loss. He indulged in as many comforting reflections as he could. Cornelia would still be with him, and he loved her as much in one way as Sophie in another. He seemed to think, too, that the bride and groom would probably settle somewhere in the neighborhood. Again, he felt a greater natural affection for Bressant than for any other young man; what son-in-law, after all, would he have preferred to have? And there may have been additional considerations equally pleasant in the contemplation.

Sophie was in her element; the loveliness and richness of her character came out like a sweet, sustaining perfume. In love, all her faculties found their fullest exercise. There were no doubts and darkness in her soul. Without looking upon her lover as an angel, she saw in him the grand possibilities which human nature still possesses, and felt that she might aid and abet them somewhat, to develop and flourish.

As for Bressant, originally the least inclined of any of the circle to be pensive and sombre, he now seemed, occasionally, to contend with shadows of some kind. He was far from being habitually gloomy, but his moods were not to be depended upon: sometimes a turn of the conversation would seem to alter him; sometimes something which he himself might utter; sometimes a silence, which found him light-hearted, would leave him troubled and restless. Sophie, so strong and trustful was her happiness, never suspected that any thing more than the fretting of his sickness was responsible for this, and, indeed, thought little about it at all; for, after all, what was it, compared to the full tide which swept them both along in such an overmastering harmony!

Within a week from the day of the engagement, a letter came from Cornelia, speaking of her desire to be at home again, and further intimating that she meant to return in a month at farthest. She did not write with as much liveliness and light-heartedness as usual. Sophie read the letter aloud to Bressant and her father, as they sat in the former's room on a cool August afternoon.

"How surprised she will be to hear what has been going on!" said Sophie, looking for Bressant to sympathize with her smile. "I'll write to her this evening, and tell her all about it." She paused to imagine Cornelia's delight, astonishment, and playful dismay, on learning that her younger sister, whom nobody ever suspected of such a thing, was going to be married; and to "that deaf creature," too, whom they had discussed so freely only two months or so before. "She must know before anybody," said Sophie; and the professor, as he rubbed his spectacles, grunted in approval.

But Bressant chewed his mustache, and said, hastily, the blood reddening his face, "No, no; wait—wait till she comes back! She can know it first, still; but you had better tell her with words. You can see, with your own eyes, then, how—how it pleases her."

"Yes, that is true," said Sophie, half reluctantly.

Bressant lay silent, with a peering, concentrated look in his eyes, his brows slightly contracted. He must have had an intuitive foreboding that this matter of the two sisters would cause some difficulty, but he could hardly, as yet, have had a distinct understanding of what jealousy meant.

Howbeit, the lovers grew every day more intimate. In the earlier days of her intercourse with him, Sophie had felt a kind of involuntary shrinking from she knew not what; but this had been entirely overcome, partly by habit, partly from an unconscious resolve on her part not to yield to it. The quick, intelligent sympathy of her nature discerned and interpreted the germs of new ideas and impulses which were struggling into life in Bressant's mind; she translated to him his better part, and warmed it with a flood of celestial sunshine.

But the sun which makes flowers bloom brings forth weeds as well; and it would not be strange if this awakening of Bressant's dormant faculties should have also brought some evil to the surface which, else, might never have seen the light.

In the course of another week or so the invalid had so far improved as to be able to leave his room and make short excursions about the house and on to the balcony. The feverish and morbid symptoms faded away; and the indulgence of a titanic appetite began to bring back the broad, firm muscles to arms, legs, and body. He felt the returning exhilaration of boundless vitality and restless vigor which had distinguished him before his accident.

The summer was now something overworn; the sultry dregs of August were ever and anon stirred by the cool finger of September. The leaves, losing the green strength of their blood, changed color and fluttered, wavering earthward from the boughs whereon they had spent so many sociable months. The surrounding hills, seen from the Parsonage balcony, took on subtle changes of tint; the patches of pine and evergreen showed out more and more distinctly; the overripe grass in the valley lay in lines of fragrant haystacks.

Every day, in the garden, a greater number of red-and-yellow leaves drifted about the paths, or scattered themselves over the flower-beds, or floated on the surface of the fountain-basin. Little brown birds hopped backward and forward among the twigs, with quick-jerking tails and sideway-speculative heads, or upon the ground, pecking at it here and there with their little bills, as if under the impression that it was Summer's grave, and they might chance to dig her up again. But once in a while they got discouraged, and took a sudden, rustling flight to the roof-tree of the barn, seemingly half inclined to continue on indefinitely southward. Then a re-

luctance to leave the old place coming over them, they would dip back again on their elastic little wings, to hop and peck anew.

Bressant and Sophie were sitting one afternoon—it was in the first days of September, and within less than a week of the time when they might begin to expect Cornelia—upon the little rustic bench beside the fountain. Their conversation had filtered softly into silence; and only the flop-flop of the weak-backed little spout continued to prattle to the stillness.

"I don't like it!" exclaimed Bressant, stirring his foot impatiently. "I'd rather put my whole life into one strong, resistless shooting-upward! even if it lasted only a minute."

"The poor little fountain is well enough," said well-balanced Sophie.

"To do any thing there must sometimes be a heat and fury in the blood, or a whirl and passion in the brain. Volcanoes reveal the earth's heart!" returned he, sententially.

"But they're very objectionable things," suggested Sophie, arching her eyebrows.

"They make beautiful mountains—whole islands, sometimes; in a man, they show what stuff is in him. It would be better to commit a deadly crime than to dribble out a life like that fountain's!"

"Even to speak of sin's bringing forth good is a fearful and wicked thing," said Sophie; and, although tears rose to her eyes, her voice was almost stern. "But you don't know what you say; only think, and you will shudder at it."

But Bressant was perverse. "I think any thing is better than to be torpid. I'd rather know I could never hope for happiness hereafter than not have blood enough really to hope or despair at all."

"Why do you speak so?" asked Sophie, with a look of pain in her grave little face. "Do you fear any such torpor in your life? My love—this hasn't always been so."

"I feel too much in me to manage, sometimes," said he, leaning forward on his knees, and working in the sanded path with his foot. "I'm not accustomed to myself yet; it will come all right, later. My health and strength, too, so soon after my weakness—they intoxicate me, I think."

Sophie looked at his broad back, and dark, curly head, and brown, short beard, as he sat thus beside her, and she grew pale and sighed. "It isn't right, dear," said she, shaking her head; "there is a quiet and deep strength—not demonstrative—that is better than any passion. It is less striking, I suppose, but it recognizes more a Power greater than any we have."

"It's true—what you say always is true!" responded Bressant, throwing himself back in the seat. "Sophie," he added, without turning his eyes upon her, "if I shouldn't turn out all you wish, you won't stop loving me?"

"I couldn't, I think, if I tried," replied she, and there was more of regret than of satisfaction in her tone as she said it. "Or, if I could, it would tear me all to pieces; and there would be nothing left but my love to God, which is His already. All of me, except that, is love for you."

"God and heaven seem unreal—unsub-

stantial, at any rate—compared with you," said Bressant, striking his hand heavily upon the arm of the rustic bench. "My love for you is greater than for them!"

"Oh, stop, hush!" cried Sophie, flinching back, as if she had received a mortal thrust. The light of indignation and repulse in her gray eyes was awful to Bressant, and his own dropped beneath it. "Have you no respect for your soul?" she continued, presently. "How long would such love last? In what would it end? It would not be love; it would be the deadliest kind of hate."

Bressant rose to his feet and made a gesture with his arms in the air, as if striving by a physical act to regain the mental force and equilibrium which Sophie had so unexpectedly overthrown. The mighty strength and untamed vehemence of the man's nature were exhibited in the movement. Sophie saw, in the vision of a moment, on how wild and stormy a sea she had embarked, and for a moment, perhaps, she quailed at the sight. But again her great love brought back the flush of dauntless courage, and her trembling ceased. She became aware, at that critical moment, that she was the stronger of the two; and Bressant probably felt it also. He had put forth all his power in a passionate and convulsive effort to prevail over the soul of this delicate girl; and had been worsted in the brief, silent struggle. He did not need to look in her clear eyes to know it.

His love must have been strong, indeed; for it stood the test of the defeat. He sat down again, and, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, he held out his hand toward her. She put her own in it, with its pressure, soft and delicately strong.

"I can't reason about these things—I can only feel," said he. "You can look into my heart if you will. Don't give me up; you can help me to see it all as you do. Isn't it your duty, Sophie, if you love me?"

"Oh, I will pray for you, my darling!" she answered, almost sobbing in the tenderness of her great heart, and laying her head upon his broad shoulder. "I would not lose your love for all the world; but I feared you might be led to something—something that would prevent your loving either God or me. Promise me something, dear. If you are ever in trouble and danger, and I'm not with you, come to me! No harm can reach us when we're together. You need me, and I you."

"I promise!" replied Bressant.

In the short silence that followed, Sophie heard, though Bressant could not, a quick, excited, warbling voice calling her again and again by name. She released herself from her lover's hold, and sprang up with a cry of delight.

Bressant, surprised and defrauded, was about to remonstrate, but ere the words came he saw Cornelia appear upon the balcony; and he sank back and held his peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEA.

IT is a general idea that the sea is a universal object of admiration. The awful power of its waves, wearing away the strongest rocks that would confine it to its old bed,

and dashing to pieces the most invincible armada that man launches on its waters; the smile of its gentler scenes; the sheen and peace and quietness of its bosom, when undisturbed by wind, have indeed made it the admiration of thousands. But not so with those who study its true nature. The poet's keener and more truthful insight generally clothes the sea with unlovely attributes.

"The sea is black as night; it roars
From lips afoam with cruel spray,
Like some fierce, many-throated pack
Of wolves who scent and choose a prey."

Bryant mentions "its melancholy waste;" Lowell calls it "the gray old ocean." Shelley tells us of

"the abandoned sea,
When the tides change sullenly."

Dana truly calls it "the prophet of sorrow;" Tennyson, looking from a lofty height, calls it "the wrinkled sea;" and another poet looks upon it as "at eternal war with man;" while Byron speaks of

"the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail."

The poets are right. With all its admitted beauties, there is something hateful about the sea. It is the very type and emblem of hypocrisy. There is not a wave that creeps upon its surface but would drown the stoutest swimmer, if it once clutched him in its cruel grasp. There is not a breeze that blows over it but will wreck every vessel it reaches, if the squall can only assail it unexpectedly. Its very mercies, Byron tells us, are "like the mercies of human beings during civil war." It never willingly yields up its relentless hold of the dead, nor lets go the countless treasures it has once engulfed. Neither man nor other animal that once falls into it but is instantly asphyxiated. There is not a shore around the wide surface of earth but that is marked by ruin and desolation. And all the action of Ocean upon its neighbor, Land, is to grasp and crush and tear away, that it may draw the *débris* into its own depths.

And these storms that rage upon the surface of ocean are but types of the internecine war eternally going on below. The wildest deserts of Asia or Africa, though haunts of the lion and tiger, are the abodes of peace compared with the fearful slaughter that ever prevails in the ocean. The single herring averages its fifty thousand eggs; these are the support of innumerable of the smaller inhabitants of ocean, while the parent-herring feeds and fattens whole tribes of cod and whiting. The cod, fattened upon the multitudinous herring, produces its millions of young, to be eaten by the larger sturgeon. Size and strength are no salvation. Sucker and seal live on the soft-fleshed mollusk; the narwhal, the dolphin, the cachelot, the sword-fish, prey upon the whale, and tear him to pieces while yet alive. Oceanic life is made up of devourers and devoured. War and slaughter are the normal condition of its inhabitants.

And the sea itself, this home of war, is, as Michelet tells us, "immense in its extent, enormous in its depth; this mass of waters seems, in truth, a great world of shadows and of gloom." In the infancy of literature it is the representative of Night and Gloom and

Desert. The middle ages named it "the kingdom of the prince of the powers of the air." Its composition is such that it is useless to satisfy the thirst of man or beast. Not a drop of water, not a brook, a streamlet or river, that flows into it, but instantly becomes unfit for man's use.

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

"Even from out its slime,
The monsters of the deep are made."

"So lonely 'tis,
That God himself scarce seemeth there to be."

But it is mainly in the language of inspiration that we find the deepest condemnation of the sea. The Old Testament chiefly uses it as a type of woe and ruin. Waves of desolation roll over cities lying under the wrath of God. "A destroying storm, a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down" those with whom he is angry. When "the Lord of hosts took counsel against Tyre, he stretched out his hand over the sea," and that city became "a place of spreading of nets." The Christian's great agony of mind and heart is typified by the statement that "the waters are come in unto his soul;" and, when a nation sins and God's wrath is upon them, "the waters of a full cup are wrong out to them." The Bible contains no more vivid picture of the restless condition of the wicked than when it states that they "are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." But it is in the apocalyptic revelations of heaven in the New Testament that the sea is most bitterly condemned. The power of the last judgment is shown in the statement that, at that time, even "the sea shall give up its dead." And the strongest statement that John could make concerning the conditions of a new heaven and a new earth was that "there was no more sea." The brightest, clearest word-picture of our residence for eternity contains the blessed gospel that, in our future home, "there shall be no more sea."

WILLIAM R. HOOPER.

VIOLETS.

"Rare wine of flowers."—FLETCHER.

I.

A GUSTY wind doth sweep the garden close,
And, where the jonquil, with the white-rod glows,
Riots like some rude hoiden uncontrolled.
But here, where sunshine and coy shadows meet,
Out gleam the tender eyes of violets sweet,
Touched by the vapory noontide's fleeting gold.

II.

What subtlest perfume floats serenely up!
Ethereal wine that brims each delicate cup,
Rifled by viewless Ariels of the air.
And lo! methinks from out these mystic flowers
Rise the strange shades of half-forgotten hours,
Pale, tearful, mute, and yet, O Heaven,
how fair!

III.

Yea, fair and wondrous, gliding gently nigh,
Some with raised brows and eyes of constancy,
Fixed with fond meanings on a goal above.
And some faint shades of weary, drooping grace,
Each with a nameless pathos on its face,
Breathing of heart-break and sad death of love.

IV.

Slowly they wane! the while these odors steep
Spirit and sense, as if in waves of sleep,
Mysterious and Lethargic; languid streams
Flowing through realms of twilight thought apart,
Whereon the half-closed petals of the heart
Pulse flower-like o'er a whispering tide of dreams.

V.

Now wakes the soul to outward sound or sight,
Till noonday beams declining, warm and light,
A wood-breeze fans the dreamer's forehead calm;
Who feels as one long wrapped from pain and drouth,
By fairy dreams dreamed in the fervid South,
Beneath the golden shadows of the palm.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

WAYSIDE RELICS.

I.

NORTH SQUARE, BOSTON.

BOSTON, sitting in sackcloth and ashes to-day, with her very heart torn from her bosom, is probably a greater object of interest to the whole country than she was before her pride and power had been humbled by the dreadful visitation of the 9th of November last.

No city of America has preserved its antiquities with greater veneration, and no city is so rich in memorials of the successive steps by which we rose to be a great nation. The shout of thanksgiving which went up when at last, after its terrible baptism of fire, the Old South stood scatheless, was echoed all over the land, and even a faint cheer was heard from the scarce-rebuilt homes of those who, not long since, sought our destruction sword in hand.

But improvement rides rough-shod over shrines, sanctuaries, and monuments, alike, and every year we miss from among us some of those treasures of architecture of which it was still possible to say, "Here the fate of an empire was decided." Unless the State, or the people, shall interfere to protect these old edifices, they are doomed, and will, in a little time, cease to impress their character upon our streets.

Apart from the moral which may be daily read by all who pass Faneuil Hall or the Old State-House, these buildings, by their striking contrast with the more modern structures, are exceedingly picturesque objects. To the stranger, they are a surprise; to the lover of art, a study; to the student of history, they stamp an event with reality.

But a heathen deity has been set up in the Old South, and from his well-known thieving propensities, we fear no other worship than that of Mammon will again be ad-

mitted within those walls. The old Globe Bank, in which Charles Sprague was so long cashier, and which was upon the very spot where stood the humble dwelling of the first pastor of the Church of Boston, has, with the contiguous buildings, been lately demolished to make a street of the Puritan minister's lane. This done, the Old State-House is confronted by a new thoroughfare, and we shall soon hear clamors for its removal as an obstruction. Thank Heaven, the foundations of these old landmarks are too deep to be reached with mattock and spade!

Should the stranger wish to see something of what Old Boston was, he must follow us into the north end, where, in the narrow streets, old houses, and decaying wharves, still remain many distinctive features of the earlier inhabitants.

A group of crazy old tenements, fit habitations for owl or bat, but scarcely tenanted by human beings, is the verdict of the casual observer who finds himself at the entrance of North Square. An air of isolation pervades the space imprisoned by three sides of an irregular triangle. The tide of travel flows along North Street on the one hand, and Hanover Street on the other; an occasional pedestrian or more unfrequent vehicle, drifts lazily out of the current and up the ascent of the square. For all the evidences of city life, we should call it a lost locality.

What we now call North Street was long ago named Anne, from good Queen Anne. Its course was along the wharves, its inhabitants living by the shipping. Long before 1800, its reputation was of no doubtful kind, and from Cross to Clark Street it is not believed any part of London or Wapping could surpass it in immorality. The occupation of a portion of the street for business has, to some extent, retrieved a character which a change of name was not able to effect.

But fifty years ago North Square was an oasis in this moral desert, and, prior to that time, no situation in Boston could be more aristocratic; few were more desirable. Its historic associations are not exceeded by those of any other locality, though the scene of the Boston Massacre may perhaps rival it in this respect.

You might easily have believed it a piece carved out of Old London, so like was the neighborhood in the names of its streets, in the quaint, oddly-constructed shops and warehouses, and in the signs that creaked above the tavern-doors. There was the King's Head in Fleet Street borrowed from its famed progenitor in Chancery Lane, in which Cowley was born, Titus Oates's conspirators assembled, and where the pope-day exhibitions originated. There were the Red Lyon dating back to 1676, and the King's Arms, in Fish Street; and, later, the sign of David Porter, father of the hero of the Essex, was displayed in front of Hancock's Wharf.

The old buildings seen in the foreground of the illustration, together with one other farther up, and on the opposite side of the square, are the only specimens of the overhanging upper stories now remaining in Boston. They are believed to be more than a century and a half old, and were perhaps erected not long after the destructive fire of

1676, which terribly devastated all this region.

The farther of the two houses just mentioned is that in which Paul Revere lived before the Revolution; the same whose nocturnal ride to Lexington Longfellow's stirring poem has rendered famous. From this house Revere exhibited his transparencies on the anniversary of the so-called bloody massacre in King Street.

Right in front of you, the buildings in the background of the picture occupy the site of the Old North (or Second) Church of Boston, which General Howe pulled down during the siege. All the Mathers, so celebrated in the ecclesiastical history of New England, preached

of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, bart., whose miraculous rescue from the great Lisbon earthquake is perhaps familiar to the reader through the poem of Holmes, or the memoir by Nason. The whole career of this gallant wooer, careless official, but noble gentleman, is extremely romantic:

"'Tis like some poet's pictured trance
His idle rhymes recite,
This old New-England-born romance
Of Agnes and the knight."

You know the sequel; he married the lowly Marblehead girl, and rescued her as she had rescued him.

We pass to his next neighbor, Governor Thomas Hutchinson, courtly, learned, and

inson apologized for appearing without them. With tears in his eyes he told the court that the very coat he had on was borrowed. What a situation for the second officer in the province!

The night before the battle of Bunker Hill, Samuel Mather's daughter Hannah, having procured a pass to leave town from General Howe, proceeded to the Charlestown ferry-way. Captain Handfield, who commanded the guard at the ferry, knowing the young lady well, passed her without difficulty, and she crossed the river in the last boat after sunset. A little after nine o'clock she presented herself at the meeting-house at Watertown, where the Provincial Congress was sit-



OLD NORTH SQUARE.

there; and from that pulpit was launched the eloquence of Cotton Mather against witchcraft, that bloody chapter we would gladly expunge from our history. Beyond is Fleet Street, in which lived that old sea-dog, Commodore Tucker, who, when required to surrender his old Boston frigate, in Charlestown harbor, under the capitulation of General Lincoln, sent word to Admiral Arbuthnot: "I do not think much of striking my flag to your present force, for I have struck more of your flags than are now flying in this harbor." In the distance is seen the tower of St. Stephen's, formerly the New North Church, of which Andrew and John Eliot were pastors.

The space comprised between Prince Street, into which a wagon is seen entering, and Fleet Street, was occupied by the mansions of two personages of distinction. The first was that

astute, but wholly alien to the cause of his countrymen, and hated the more because he was a Bostonian by birth. This was the scene of the Stamp-Act riot, when the governor's house was pillaged, and the mob, drunk with his own wine, would have sacrificed him to their fury had he not sought the protection of his brother-in-law, Rev. Samuel Mather. The mob demanded the governor's person, but the minister was firm. He appeared at his door, and told them that his house was his castle, and that he should protect his brother Hutchinson, though their sentiments did not accord. The governor was finally obliged to escape by a back way, and appeared in court the next day—which, as chief justice, it was his office to open—without gown or wig. Such was the importance attached to these articles of dress, that Hutch-

ting, and asked for Dr. Warren. He came to the door, and the lady took from her bosom a dispatch, which she had undertaken to place in his hands. He took the dispatch, and said, with his interesting smile, "You shall see me in the morning." That night was his last on earth.

Other residents of North Square have left their names to us. The father of Major Samuel Shaw, Knox's talented aide-de-camp, lived here. In Shaw's house were quartered Major Pitcairn and Lieutenant Wragg, the one mortally, the other slightly, wounded at Bunker Hill. We have it that Samuel Shaw, an ardent young rebel, challenged the subaltern, preferring to cross swords rather than break bread with his father's unwelcome guest.

Edward Holyoke, president of Harvard in 1737, was born in this part of the town; and

another president, Edward Everett, lived, in early youth, in Proctor's Lane, now Richmond Street. Thomas Hancock, uncle of the governor, for whom the neighboring wharf, once the principal in the town, was named, was the first native of New England to found a professorship in that university. He was one of the greatest merchants of his day, and furnished General Amherst with money and materials for the works at Louisburg and Annapolis Royal.

North Square is also the reputed scene of the offence of Captain Kemble against public morals, in kissing his wife in the street, where he happened to meet her unexpectedly after a long sea-voyage. He was ordered to be placed in the stocks. The sequel, according to an authority—of which we hope the reader will not be too critical—was that the captain, smothering his wrath for the moment, invited the selectmen of the town to a banquet on board his vessel; and, when they arrived prepared to do justice to his good cheer, he gave each of them a sound flogging at the gangway, and, weighing his anchor, made all sail from the inhospitable port.

There is also a weird, uncanny odor of witchcraft clinging to the old square. One goodwife was pronounced a witch because she had an attachment for cats, of which she never had fewer than the mystic number of nine. The gossips said she consulted her cats as the ancients consulted their oracles. Another was in the habit of going every night to Bermuda in an egg-shell, returning before day-break with fresh rosemary, which happened to be in request. On such reports the lives of individuals often hung suspended in the balance, and such was the almost incredible superstition of the times. Viewed by our civilization, such stories appear like nursery-tales, made to frighten children; nevertheless, they are hard, uncompromising facts, and look us boldly in the face as we turn over the pages of history. It is fortunate, perhaps, that Edmonds or Shaw did not live in those days. They would have met with short shrift at the hands of the stern, sorcery-hating Puritans.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR A NEW MUNICIPAL SYSTEM.

IS not our whole system of municipal administration a mistake? Are not the theories and the methods of our city charters based upon traditions and customs which new conditions have rendered unsuitable to the life of to-day? We keep here, in New York, continually agitating for new charters, and experimenting in new charters; but, as all our various devices are simply modifications of one principle, we fail in each variation of our experiments to obtain the needed remedy for confessed irregularities in our municipal rule. It would be curious to compare the charters we have tried the last thirty or forty years—and during this period we have constantly been shifting from one plan to another; sometimes enlarging the number of our alder-

men and councilmen, sometimes reducing it; at one moment extending the power of the mayor, and at the next withdrawing it; trying one system of checks in the distribution of funds, and then immediately devising some other; creating offices which were assumed would do wonders in reform, and then making haste to abolish them. We have accumulated change upon change, and experiment upon experiment, and yet, at this moment, we are striving for a new charter without having settled one point at issue, or accepting a single new fact or principle as a guide. In view of these experiences, it would be well to consider whether the current ideas of local government are in accord with our social conditions; and to this end we purpose the remarks that follow.

The cities of Europe, from which our municipal systems are mainly derived, were, in a great many essential characteristics, different from our modern cities; and in the constituents of their population present a striking contrast to New York. Usually they were communities existing under despotic sovereignties, but possessing certain chartered privileges, granted from the king, or won in an early period of their existence, under which their local affairs were administered. These privileges were the honorable insignia of the place; they were guarded with intense local pride, and ancient traditions often enhanced the zeal with which they were cherished. The communities were homogeneous; of one race, one blood, one local birth, largely even of one family; immigration and emigration were almost unknown; their past, their present, and their future, bound them together in bonds of common interest, pride, and sympathy. The citizens, for the most part, were excluded from political place and power, save as they might be honorably attained in their city councils; and the great body of the people, led by education, tradition, example, and local pride, looked to the wealthy and ancient families as their natural leaders. The administration, moreover, was comparatively simple; a dozen issues perplex and disturb the cities of to-day where one troubled them a century ago. The council became a grave, deliberative body, with each guild or interest of the town represented therein. As the privileges of the council could neither be enlarged nor abridged; as no ambition beyond local questions could animate them; as they rested secure in the esteem and support of the townspeople, their purposes naturally tended to the carrying out of measures conducive to the welfare of a community with whose interests they were intimately identified. Many minor matters helped to bring about this condition of things; but the reader will easily conceive how municipal rule under such circumstances would, in all probability, be both pure and adequate.

The cities of to-day present a very different picture. New York is one part Irish, one part German, one part English, one part

French and Italian, one part New England, and a very small part of local birth or descent. The town is simply an heterogeneous gathering, without identity of tastes or unity of purpose: that it should be well governed, is to the advantage of all; but there is none of that local pride, none of those treasured traditions, nothing of that accord and coöperation by which good government can be secured by the methods in vogue in old, fixed, and conservative communities. In a municipality organized like this it is imperatively necessary to employ systems of government adapted to its necessities and the peculiar genius of its formation, whereas we are persistently adhering to methods which were developed under an almost entirely different condition of things. We need not merely modifications of our charter—we require a radical change of system; and it may be safely predicted that, until this is done, we shall never arrive at our great desideratum—an effective municipal government.

Under our present method we divide the city into wards, and from each of these districts elect members of the council. The original purpose of this plan was, to give each portion of the city a representative in the council-boards, in order that no local interests should be neglected or injured; but the result has been to build up a class of ward politicians, who uniformly bring disgrace upon the metropolis. The loose social elements, the schemers and adventurers, the men with axes to grind and ambitions to gratify, the people without character or station, almost invariably form the ward circles who select the candidates and control the elections in these districts. Neighborhood and local interests have not produced the results expected; the better citizens hold aloof from the small political following of their ward; and the whole manipulation of the district passes into the hands of the worthless. To reform this it is continually insisted that respectable citizens should take active part in their ward politics. And here arises a curious condition of things. We have a municipal method, the effective working of which imperatively requires the personal exertion, consideration, and influence of every respectable citizen; and yet the whole social spirit is not only averse to personal connection with politics, but it habitually denounces the inclination for it as dangerous. The tradesman who meddles in politics loses reputation; the young man entering on his career is warned to keep aloof from politics, the fascinations of which too often destroy moral character, and bring ruin to business prospects. Morality and social position are thus directly at war with patriotism—what ought to be our study, our pride, and our immediate concern, fills us with distrust, often tempts to iniquity, and proves a taint upon character. How is it possible for us to have good government when we employ methods which require for their effective use the

personal concern of every citizen, and yet which the citizen cannot take part in without becoming defiled?

But not only is our municipal system unsuited to our heterogeneous and shifting population, not only has it built up a moral sentiment averse to personal contact with it, but it is rendered largely inoperative, even in those directions wherein it might prove effective, by the interposition of other forms of authority. One would naturally suppose that a city government should have authority to maintain the peace; in New York our police—the most immediate and important of all local matters—is administered by a State-appointed commission. One would suppose that a local government should have control of its streets; in New York our avenues are laid with rails and thronged with cars, whose owners derive their permission from and are solely answerable to the Legislature of the State. The local government of a commercial city should assuredly have authority over its docks and wharves; our docks and wharves are remitted to a commission. Our own immediate councils ought to be the best guardians of our parks and pleasure-grounds; State-appointed commissioners manage these for us. We simply maintain an elaborate and complex city government at great expense, and then distrust it so much that we run to Albany to invoke the interference of the State government; and not unfrequently we so far distrust the action of this State government that we endeavor to checkmate it by means of the city government or the courts; and out of these radical disagreements it is no wonder dire confusion has arisen.

The careful observer has been able to deduce one highly-favorable result from popular elections, and that is, that the broader the field of election and the higher in dignity and responsibility the office, the better the men selected. Much as we complain of the class of men selected as judges for some of the courts, in the Court of Appeals the probity and high legal attainments of its judges have never been questioned by even the most prejudiced partisans. At the last election in this State for judges of this court, it was commonly acknowledged that either of the candidates would honorably fill the place. A few months since we elected one of our most esteemed citizens as governor, and it was generally conceded that the opposing candidate was in every way worthy. In our last municipal contest in New York we elected to the mayoralty a citizen universally respected, and at least one of his opponents stood equally high in public esteem. Now, as we descend the scale, we find a different condition of things, until, reaching the inferior offices, we discover a class of men, for the most part, unworthy of public confidence. The rule would seem to be, that elevation of place and increase of dignities and responsibilities produce superior officials; while in

minor neighborhoods, where personal knowledge would, it would seem, naturally secure suitable selection, we see a different state of things. New York often elects excellent mayors, but all the world knows what sort of aldermen and councilmen she chooses.

It has so happened that we not only elect good men for the high offices, but in those organizations known as commissions we have usually secured capable and worthy officials. The administration of our Croton Board has generally been acceptable; our Park Commissioners have done their work not only to our own satisfaction, but to the admiration of the world; our Police Commissioners are effective; our Dock Commissioners have the confidence of the community. From these facts we gather that a small body of men, to whom are intrusted important duties, and who are directly responsible for their performance, prove efficient instruments in affairs. A great deal of mischief, it should be noted, has arisen from uncertainty as to responsibility; we have so divided duties among boards of council and different departments, and so obscured the responsibility of officials, that it is often uncertain who is to blame for things left undone.

If the reader has followed us with care, he has probably already detected the conclusion to which our facts and arguments naturally lead. We must sweep away all the ancient traditions that cling to our municipal system, and organize on a different plan. Aldermen and councilmen, representing wards and local sections, are unnecessary; and a Common Council deliberating over municipal government, when in nine things out of ten they have no jurisdiction, is absurd. Let us abolish aldermen and councilmen altogether. Let us abolish the superstitions and traditions in regard to wards, or all forms of geographical subdivision. Let our city government be placed in the hands of a board or commission, *electd at large*. This board should not number more than, say, seven men; it should possess power, under a charter from the State, to administer all our local affairs, to control the streets, the police, the wharves, the parks; heads of departments should be directly responsible to the board, and the board directly responsible to the people. Details would be matter for consideration, and need not now be entered into. The main ideas to be kept in view are abandonment of local representation, concentration of power and responsibility in the hands of a few, elevation of office by means of which the better class of men could be attracted to it. The whole history of our government shows the advantage of these principles, so far as they have entered into the administration of our affairs, and the facts we have cited here abundantly indicate the direction municipal reform must take if we hope to escape the evils under which we are now so restless.

O. B. BUNCE.

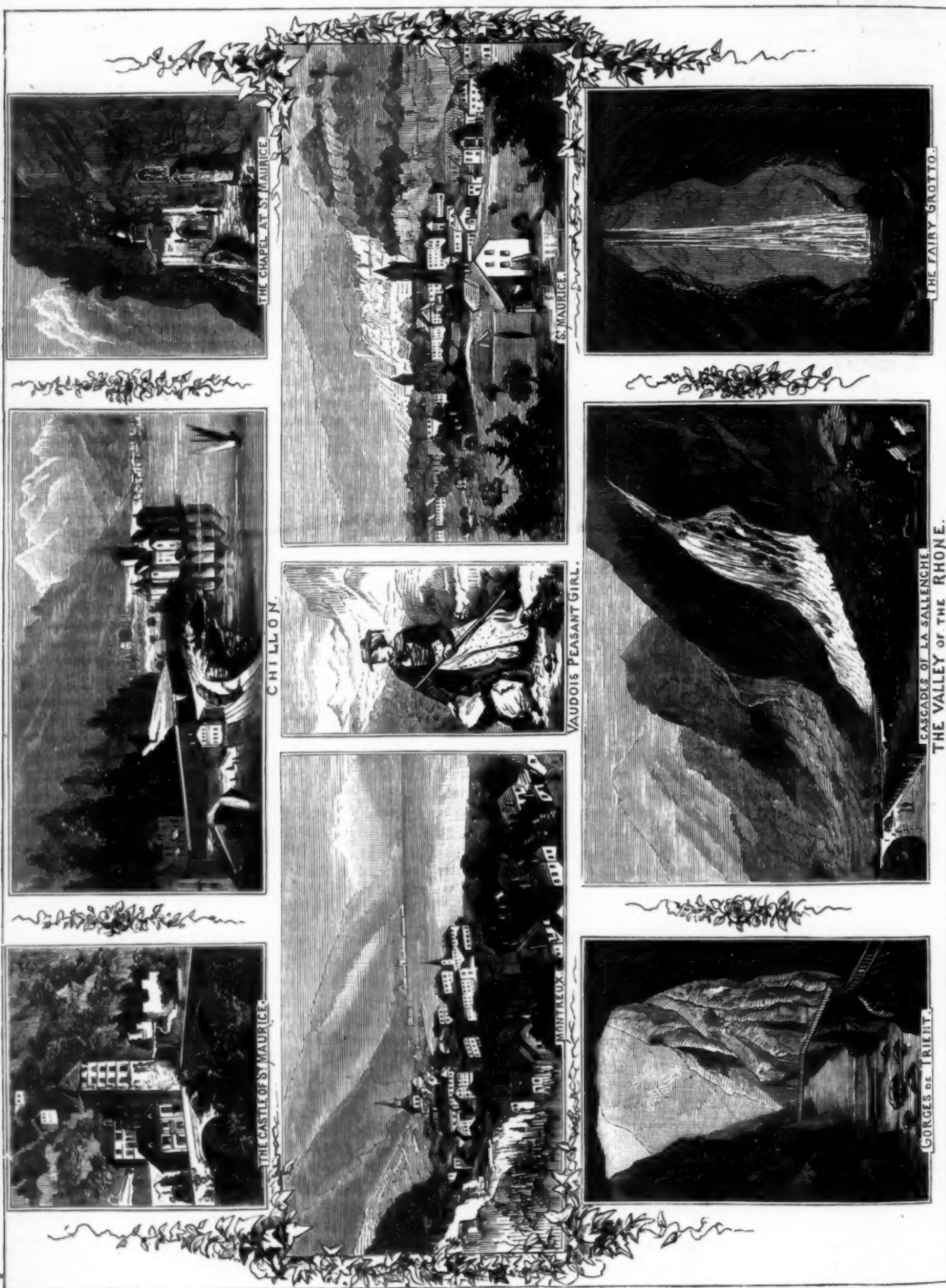
THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE.

THE valley of the Rhone is rarely visited by travellers in Switzerland and in France, and yet it offers to the tourist an ever-varying panorama of the most beautiful landscapes—now of majestic grandeur, and now of idyllic sweetness—frowning, rugged mountain crests, and glaciers of dazzling whiteness glittering in the sun, picturesque towns and villages, fraught with legendary traditions or grave historical reminiscences. If those who visit Geneva, and the incomparable lake bearing its name, knew what delights reward a few days' excursion into the valley of old Rhodanus, they would surely not fail to visit this region, favored by Nature as lavishly as any part of the picturesque centre of Europe. Such an excursion is greatly facilitated by the singularly mild climate which prevails for nearly nine months in the year in the valley. When, in February, Geneva and Lausanne are still full of snow and ice, the tourist, upon penetrating beyond Villeneuve into the valley of the Rhone, suddenly breathes the balmy air of spring. He sees budding almond-trees around him, and finds himself compelled to discard the heavy clothing which he wore a few hours before; and it is rarely that cold weather sets in in the valley before the latter part of November.

Let us, then, act as a guide for those who will follow our advice, and who will not visit Geneva without making a trip down the Rhone. We first go to Montreux, the ancient town, so beautifully situated on the lake, and enter a small bark, which swiftly takes us past the old church, one of the finest among the many sacred structures on Lac Leman, to Vevy, a charming village, and noted as the residence of Edgar Quinet, the celebrated French historian, during his exile under the Second Empire; swiftly past the gray, forbidding walls of Chillon, the famous castle in the lake, and past the two splendid hotels bearing the names of Bonnivard and Byron; and now we are at the end of the lake—the valley of the Rhone opens before us, and we land at Villeneuve, where, as Julius Caesar tells us in his *Commentaries*, Divico, the Helvetian, marched the proud Roman soldiers through the yoke, and which Matthisson, the sweetest elegiac poet of Germany, has immortalized.

A very fine broad road leads into the open valley on the right bank of the river, at the foot of the Alpine chain of Vaud, and good pedestrians generally prefer to walk from Villeneuve to Yverne than to take the small river-boat. The contrast between the dark-green color of the river and the snow-clad Alps, over which the Dent du Midi towers in majestic grandeur, is picturesque in the extreme.

A bend in the river brings us to Yverne, a very fine village, built upon the ruins of an old town. The old chronologists of the country relate that, in the year 1584, a mountain-slide completely destroyed the town, on which occasion one hundred and twenty-two persons lost their lives. Upon the ruins and graves grows a generous wine, the most highly prized among the wines of Southwestern Switzerland.



Yverne is the terminus of the railroad of the Rhone, which carries us direct to Aigle, a favorite resort of consumptives, and then to Saint-Triphon, where a singularly-formed group of rocks, the highest of which is crowned with an ancient tower, attracts the eyes of the tourist; and to Bex, a delightful watering-place, which, since time immemorial, has furnished excellent salt to Switzerland. The Romans called it Baicum, and visited its numerous mineral springs, as very efficacious in rheumatic complaints.

Close to Bex is the surpassingly beautiful plant, *Névé-glacier*, which the traveller reaches by an easy road over the Pont de Nant. According to the legend, the spot upon which this glacier now rises was once a blooming pasture. One day, when the herdsmen, whose cows were grazing there, were engaged in throwing dice for small cakes of cheese, a very old woman came to them, and begged them to give her a drink of milk or a piece of cheese, and shelter for the night. The herdsmen, angry at being disturbed in their game, scolded her violently, and drove her off with their long sticks. Suddenly she turned back to them. Drawing herself up to her full height, she fixed her flashing eyes upon the hard-hearted mountaineers, and exclaimed, in a terrible voice: "Ungrateful wretches! I have overwhelmed you so long with kindness, and now you refuse me a morsel of food and a bundle of hay for my night's rest? Very well, this verdant pasture which feeds you shall henceforth be covered with eternal snow and ice. Know ye, I am the fairy of these mountains!"

Her curse was fulfilled. No cow is able to find there now a green blade of grass. Eternal snow covers the ground. But on one of the sides of the glacier, a few years ago, during a very warm summer, chamois-hunters found the traces of a bridge, a proof that there is some foundation to the old tradition.

It is only beyond Bex that the valley of the Rhone displays its full charms. It grows gradually narrower and narrower, until, close toward St.-Maurice, it becomes a wild, sombre gorge. The river, with a deafening roar, forces its way painfully through the mountains, whose flanks rise on both banks almost perpendicularly to an enormous height, and upon their crest, at regular intervals, have been erected batteries for the protection of these *Vaudois Thermopylæ*. The highway leads through an artificial tunnel, and so does the railway. The impression of the scenery is sombre and majestic.

As soon as the tunnel is past, we reach St.-Maurice. A wildly picturesque valley—almost a gorge—gigantic mountain-masses, with gray flanks covered very sparsely with stunted fir-trees, but enlivened by numerous cascades and rivulets; a very ancient town, most picturesquely overhung by an old castle and an abbey—the most venerable on this side of the Alps. Such are St.-Maurice and its immediate surroundings.

The two greatest attractions of this romantic spot is a small chapel, dedicated to Notre-Dame du Seer, and the Fairy Grotto. The chapel seems to hang upon the side of one of the immense rocks like a swallow's nest, and a steep staircase, hewn into the mountain, leads to it. The Fairy Grotto is

one of the wonders of Switzerland. It was discovered but a few years ago, at the time the railway tunnel was constructed. It is a vast round cave in the centre of the mountain, which is reached by a somewhat difficult and exhausting walk of fifteen minutes through the low subterranean passage. When you enter it, you imagine yourself to be in a chapel, upon which the torches of the guides throw a dim, weird light. In the background of the cave is a small lake, formed by the water of one of the rivulets, which has forced a passage into the mountain. The mirror-like surface of the water, the profound stillness of the cave, broken only by the low murmur of the rivulet, and the darkness of the background, produce an indescribable effect upon the spectator.

Sitten (Sion) is the next place to which the railway takes us. The river is here again considerable wider, and the banks, dotted as they are with flourishing villages and laughing meadows, present a less imposing though not less picturesque spectacle, for the Alps are not distant enough to conceal from our view their endless variety of curious formations, and, above all, those countless cascades, which from their rugged sides fall with a strange noise, and shrouding their immediate surroundings in vast clouds of spray into the depths. The most magnificent of these cascades is that of La Salenche. Staircases and railings have been erected to enable the tourist to reach the height above the cascade without danger. The view there is enchanting enough, but it does not surpass that from the valley below, where the cascade looks even grander than the famous Giesbach.

Fifteen minutes afterward, we reach the Gorges du Trient, where another great natural wonder awaits the tourist. Who is able to describe it? Even the pencil is unable to follow this extraordinary creation of whimsical Nature. Gray, rocky walls, seven hundred feet in height, in very close proximity to each other, and yet giving the green waters of a rivulet space enough to roll along, now with roaring rapidity, now with slow placidity, that is about all that can be said about this spot, the wondrous beauties of which the eye never tires of.

Our readers will find, in the engraving accompanying this sketch, representations of the prominent places in the valley of the Rhone which we have mentioned above. Farther down, the valley is no longer as rich in romantic spots as between Villeneuve and Trient, but still sufficiently beautiful to justify a continuation of the journey as far as Lyons.

A WALK ROUND THE CITY OF SAN DOMINGO.

NEARLY four hundred years have rolled away since the galleys of Columbus landed their astounded crews on the coral strand of Hispaniola. The city which sprang up under the auspices of the great discoverer, and which he named Isabella, in honor of his gentle patroness and queen, was soon deserted by the mutineers whom he left in charge, and the city of San Domingo rose in the south, and became the capital of the island. At the

time that this change took place, the colony in the north had been twice surprised and put to the sword by the indignant natives, and, consequently, the new town was fortified with all the military science which the Spaniards then possessed. The city was surrounded by a regular wall, with all the adjuncts of bastions, curtains, outworks, wet and dry ditches, and strongly-defended gates. Nay, more than this, each house that was built was in itself a fortress. The walls were three, four, and five feet in thickness, of brick generally, faced with limestone of a peculiar character, with crenellations for musketry, with roofs almost flat, and covered with broad bricks, to withstand the showers of burning arrows, which was the favorite native method of attacking a besieged place. Each house, moreover, had its own well, some of these having a protecting mantle of stone, like those for the sentries on the outer walls, so that the besieged might draw water without danger of a shot from an enemy upon any position of commanding height. And, to crown all, each dwelling was on the Moorish—indeed, upon the Oriental—plan, being a perfect quadrangle, walled in on every side, with a court-yard in the centre, and rooms ranged around it. These court-yards were, under the first Spaniards, highly cultivated with every variety of tropical fruits and flowers. Fountains bubbled in the centre, and, from the incessant rippling of their waters, gave back trembling reflections of the golden masses of the orange, and the deep crimson of the flower called the "blood of Christ." Quick to seize upon things of comfort and of utility, the Spaniard instantly adopted the hammock of the native, and, stretching it between the pillars of the colonnade that ran around the quadrangle, indulged in the exquisite luxury of the *dolce far niente*. Meanwhile, the proud shoulders of Haytian kings and *caciques* bended to the burden, and bore the agony of the taskmaster's whip. Every petty rivulet bore down its tribute of gold-dust, and, crouching beside the banks, the native lords of the soil plied the calabash to extract the glittering treasure. In less than fifty years every native was gone, every Haytian had perished off the face of the earth, worn out with toil, with exposure, with hunger, but, most of all, with the anguish of free souls pining for liberty, and hearts that remembered former happiness. Then the Spanish *hidalgo*, far too proud to work themselves, looked about for some substitute, and, in an evil hour, be thought them of the strong African, with his hands of iron muscle. They brought him here, and he toiled for them, and brought them riches in abundance. After the fitful fever of gold-mining, came the plenteous calm of agriculture. From the patient labor of the negro, supervised by the keen avarice of the Spaniard, came perennial crops of tobacco, coffee, sugar, and the sweet fruits that the Latin race love above all meats. The masters treated their slaves as brutally as before, but the black race were stronger to endure. And the whirligig of time was preparing for them a magnificent revenge. The soil and the climate were perfectly adapted to the negro's constitution and wants, and he had multiplied exceedingly, his mental status hav-

ing been enormously raised by the miscegenation which seems to be an inevitable thing with the Latin peoples. The American Revolution sent its waves very, very far, and brought about a redressal of wrongs in many a country that had scarcely heard of the American people. What it did in France they would know, for the volcanic eruption that followed there was so awful as forever to obliterate the idea of caste, which, up to that time, had been the ruling thought of the pure Aryan races. In Hispaniola the slaves and the mixed people rose up and drove their haughty lords, both French and Spanish, into the sea, never to reclaim houses, nor land, nor serfs—never to be enriched by the labor of others, nor to luxuriate in all the orgies of immense wealth and irresponsible position.

The stranger who now visits San Domingo City will be impressed by the city itself more than by the tropical vegetation, the curious birds, the splendors of the surf beating upon a petrified beach, the gigantic ferns, and all that the place contains of rich or rare. To an American a fortified town is in itself a curiosity, but we have all reminiscences of batteries at West Point, and of the forts along the harbor of New York. And, when we see these tiny embrasures and toy mantlets, the imagination is at once taken back to the time when artillery consisted of sakers and falconets, and musketry of arquebuses and petronels, and when the cavalry wore almost impenetrable armor, and the horse itself was covered with plates of shining steel. I must confess, for my part, that, every morning since I have been in San Domingo, I have taken a stroll around the walls, and every time with constantly-increasing interest. The town is built, as nearly as possible, in a perfect square, one of its sides facing the sea, and another running along the bank of the Ozama River, which has considerable depth of water, but a very narrow entrance. This, however, could be considerably enlarged, for the bar that blockades it, so to speak, is composed far more of fragments of wrecks, bones of cattle, big stones, that have fallen from the sea-wall, etc., than of the sandy detritus brought down by the river. Three weeks' dredging would give a safe and comfortable entrance. Unfortunately, the Dominicans are not the people to do this. The president explained very intelligently to me how easily it could be done, but it seemed to me that he thought the Americans ought to do it—a characteristic trait in the Dominican character. They are evidently trustees upon Providence. From the mouth of the river there is a low wall which runs to the citadel, a high stone tower, on the top of which is a marine telegraph for recording the arrival of ships. The barracks are ranged around the stronghold, which also contains the armory. Every thing of antiquity being ascribed to Cristoforo Colon, of course it is said that he built this place; he was afterward imprisoned in it. The first part is certainly erroneous. I have no books which I can consult, but I believe it was built by Bovadilla. As to the imprisonment, that may have been so, but I think that the admiral was put in irons on board one of the galleys. Persons desiring to visit this place, must get the permission of the commandant,

which I have never done, for the reason that my walks around the walls have always been very early in the morning, before the swarthy Hannibal had left his hammock. The view from the tower is no doubt fine, but by no means so grand as that from the light-house, an iron structure built by President Baez, in 1851, when he was first elected to the executive chair. This is not far from the citadel, the space between being entirely undefended, not having even a low wall. It would have been a waste of material, for to land at this point would be impossible, such is the nature of the beach. It is entirely composed of conglomerate—sand-pebbles, limestone, bowlders, and coral masses, being petrified in one solid mass, which was worn and twisted into fantastic shapes long before it was petrified. It has been beaten into tremendous caves, studded at the entrance, with jagged rocks, studded with sharp points, and with stretches of a kind of coral that cuts like a knife. The great waves of the ocean come rolling in and beat upon these rocks, and hurl their waters into the recesses of the caves with a muffled roaring, and an infinite flashing and tossing of white spray. Roar answers roar along the whole line of coast, until, if you shut the eyes and listen merely, you think it is the bellowing of some monster, whose voice is so vehement that it makes the very earth on which you are reeling pulse and shudder. The light-house is built upon a projecting point of land, and there is a bastion here pierced for four guns, but the walls are very slight, and made of brick, plastered over with a thick coating of lime-work, which, in the course of the centuries, has been worn by the deep dews just as gypsum-rock is worn by water. The ascent of the light-house is by a corkscrew stairway of iron, and from the topmost stair a good bird's-eye view of the town can be obtained. Immediately below, facing the sea-front, along its whole extent, are the cottages of the poorer class of citizens, composed of wattlings, with thatchings of palm-leaves, the whole very neatly done, with a great air of cleanliness and tidiness. Beyond, are the pretentious structures of the wealthy Spanish grandees, now occupied by Dominicans of standing and repute in the republic. Unfortunately, they are not kept in repair, and the possessors dwell in such rooms as are habitable, and leave the rest to crumble, and to fall when Providence shall see fit so to order. All kinds of luxuriant vegetation cluster on the thick walls of such, and add a curious feature to the landscape, contrasting well with the deep, warm grays of the masonry. Rising above the level of these dwellings are the religious structures, always points of absorbing interest to the Latin people. Nearest at hand to the light-house is the ruined nunnery of Santa Clara, which is occupied by a honey-dealer, the great quadrangle being one mass of beehives. Close to that, is the ruin of the Jesuit College, the chapel of which has been turned into a theatre, where representations are given whenever a company cares to come to San Domingo, which, in truth, is very seldom. Almost touching that building is the dark-gray mass of the cathedral, built in 1510, and containing gifts from Ferdinand and Isabella, and a cross made from the rud-

der of Columbus's galley. It is as much a fortress as a church, and doubtless has proved so, for there is a grim lack of action about the place, especially that quarter which abuts upon the cloisters where the priests live. Next to that, and in the exact centre of the town, is the ruin of the Dominican Convent, with all the offices of the Propaganda and the Inquisition. This is the most extensive building in the city, and must have been, before it crumbled to decay, a very imposing structure. All that remains in condition now is the church (disused), and the parlor where lay visitors were received, which is now occupied by a carpenter. The walls of the various offices have fallen, and encumber the great quadrangles. There is, however, sufficient standing to show that the Dominican building was a miracle of bad taste, for what remains is thickly coated with plaster, and rudely painted with red and yellow ochres, which glare very loudly upon the pure blue of the pellucid air, and grate upon the mental sense as coarse and out of keeping. Beyond is the grand ruin of the Franciscan Monastery, in which, I think, a corner is still habitable, and occupied by the order, for there is certainly a friar, in his picturesque garb, walking among the native huts enjoying the fresh morning air. The Convent of La Merced, occupied by black Sisters of Mercy, is away to the farther end of the town, toward the northeast, and the Conventa-Regina ruin is toward the eastern corner of the diamond, which the town makes. Both of these are also ridiculously daubed with yellow and white, but they are not so frightful as the Church of San Carlos, in the suburban village of that name, which is painted a fiery red, with broad white stripes, and obtrudes itself upon the eye with a pertinacity that is the more painful because it distracts one from the contemplation of the grand ranges of hills in the far background, with their superbly serrated crests, and their broad bosoms, on which the gray mists of the morning are still reclining.

Descending the light-house, we pass along a light sea-wall about a foot high, placed there to keep the children from falling over the cliff, and not from any idea of protection, which is sufficiently afforded by the thundering surf and the sharp goring rocks. At the angle where the wall turns inland there is a strong bastion, with an outside curtain. Close to this, on the sea-side, is the abattoir, where the cattle are slaughtered. This also is painted a villanous red. Every thing here is excessively clean. The slaughtering is all done before daybreak, and the place is washed down with water drawn from a huge stone well, the crimson blood falling, with all its impurities, into the sea below, which here is wonderfully fierce and wild, the rocks being torn into a great variety of strange shapes, on which the water bursts with such violence as to form a perennial douche bath and rainbow. The cattle destined for the table are the small patient creatures used for draught purposes all over the island. They are driven into a court-yard attached to the abattoir, a herd at a time, and remain until killed off, being well fed and watered in the interval.

And now along the land the wall becomes

high and solid, and has a parapet. At regular intervals there are flanking bastions, at the two corners of which are invariably stone sentry-boxes, called at that time swallow-nests; but these are in a very ruinous condition. Half-way up this face of the wall there is a strongly-defended gate through which we can pass, for the Dominican guard is most friendly to foreigners, and is prodigal of salutes and cordial expressions. The sentry is indulging himself in a little song, in Spanish, in which there is a constant appeal to *Loleta*; and, whenever this occurs, the lounging military join in, and *Loleta* is entreated in every possible inflection of manly voices. Outside the gate there are two roads, both very fair specimens; one of which goes to Guibía, a little village where, in the summer, the Dominicans bathe; and the other goes to San Carlos, the suburb which has no other attraction save the outrageous red-and-white church. Far other is the case with Guibía. Here the first thing that meets our view is the cemetery, the rusty iron gates of which are locked; but, peering through the railings, we can discern many monuments of undeniable antiquity. It would be a good place to examine, had one the time, which I confess I have not. But on to Guibía. Along the road, on both sides, are the summer-houses of the wealthy Dominicans, inherited from the old Spaniards by the legal title of the sword. On the gates of these are inscribed their names, which are often pleasant and sensible—such as *La Retreta*, *La Predilecta*; and, at other times, grotesque, as *San Francisco del Carmelo*, between which very respectable saint and a country-seat there seems no connection. The hedges are composed of the *afaca* or *aloe*, the outer spines being a fine green, but the innermost are a fire-red, or, nearer still, of the color of bright arterial blood. These grow very fast, and have constantly to be cut down by the native sword, the *macheta*. Around the aloes a most glorious vegetation springs up of convolvulus, and all kinds of lianas and flowering weeds. There are two lianas very noticeable; one having a round, light, orange-colored flower, with a green eye; the other has a deep, saffron, bell-shaped blossom, which, when open, displays, in the interior, two masses of seeds resembling pieces of bleeding beef, and from which a gory juice exudes. Besides these there are pea-shaped flowers of leguminose, creepers of every variety, and a bush with bright tribe-shaped blossoms like honeysuckle. There is not a single reptile of any kind to be seen, and the only companions of my morning walk are the birds, that seem to talk rather than to sing, and the natives bringing provisions to market on panniered ponies, and humble-looking jackasses. There is a downcast look about the animals which tells of neglect; and I fancy that the Dominicans, though gentle as children, have never been educated up to the ideal of kindness to animals. It is true that their teacher was the Spaniard, in whom cruelty is inherent. About a mile from the gate I come upon a footpath to the left, which leads down to the bathing-places, and here I am immediately overshadowed by tall cocoa-nut palms and umbrageous mahogany-trees. It is only a hundred paces down to the beach; and here I understand, for the first time, why

the place has been chosen so far from the city. It seems that the waters of the river and the sea around San Domingo swarm with sharks, and Nature here has provided a bathing-place where the security from these tyrants of the flood is perfect. The great rollers of the ocean burst upon a reef of semicircular shape, which encloses a pond about a quarter of a mile long, and two hundred yards broad, with a depth nowhere greater than five feet. The reef is utterly impassable by any shark, however voracious, even if he had the courage, which sharks singularly lack. This reef is, in fact, a fossil beach—a beach that has been petrified, on whose pebbles and sand the waters washed many thousands of years ago. In what mysterious fashion the change came that made Hispaniola an inland place, or by what mysterious agencies the old order of things was restored, and the eternal seas bent once more upon a new shore and a new island, it is beyond me to conjecture. Some dim thoughts, perhaps, of the shifting of the poles, by which the fountains of the great deep might be broken up, and the waters forced to seek their lowest level, flash across my mind; but it is pleasanter to bathe in a sea as warm as blood, and to compare this with New-Yorkers freezing in their furred overcoats, and growling at the snow. It is still pleasanter to swim at ease, and to float and watch the great lines of serried blue waves come rushing onward like a charge of cavalry. Swiftly, swiftly they advance; but lo, there is a hesitation, a trembling along the line, and there is a movement and a bowing upon the crests, which begin slowly to curve downward. The line wavers, halts, and slowly the whole fabric curls over, and topples down in one vast, shaking chaos of white water, which thunders upon the wall of petrified beach that hems us in. Outside, perhaps, are sharks, with hungry eyes and impatient mouths, who have caught a momentary glance of a white-skinned swimmer, and are longing to taste him. But the belt of reef is impassable, and they must get their breakfast off somebody else. The strand here has patches of coral, which cut the feet; so one must choose the sandy stretches. Dead trees have been laid alongside, so that one can wash one's feet, and get rid of the sand as thoroughly and with far more comfort than in the bathing-houses of Long Branch and Cape May. Shells are seldom to be found except after terrible storms, being prevented by the reef. Occasionally that delicate sea-weed which resembles a huge skeleton-leaf drifts in, and is gathered by the natives, to be disposed of to sailors. There are also many kinds of coral, but none either rare or beautiful.

Returning to the gate, I prefer to follow the track on the outside of the city-walls, and to admire the lizards that sun themselves on the stone expanse, and whisk lithely into their holes when my shadow falls across them. They are of all sorts and sizes, but I have seen none more than nine inches long, including tails. These fellows are gray, with white stripes, and have large, reflective, black eyes, which watch me curiously. There are smaller ones, of a brownish green, with knobby heads, and tiny black wretches that glide hurriedly into patches of ferns or creepers growing in tufts upon the wall. On the country side of the pathway there is a perfect jungle of brush-

wood, but no high trees, for the Spaniards cleared the space here as a measure of defence, the ground being high and in some places commanding the walls, which here are quite lofty, and the bastions rise to the dignity of towers. As I progress on, I come to a dip in the ground, close under the walls, where the Dominicans are, on a very small scale, extracting pure lime of excellent quality. The ground now commences to be very uneven, full of breaks and ravines; and at length I come upon a deep hollow. Looking down, I discern at length that it is either a deserted quarry, or else a grotto, or else a neglected, abandoned mine. I descend with considerable difficulty, for the undergrowth is tenacious of its rights, and is, besides, heavy with dew, which makes the footing slippery. When I get to the bottom, I am perfectly rewarded, for the eye of man has seldom seen such an extraordinary place. It evidently was a quarry, but, after working it for some time, the laborers came upon a coral grotto, and for some reason abandoned it, and even attempted to wall up the entrance into its recesses. The inhabitants have thrown down for years all the carcasses of animals, and skeletons are in every direction, together with all sorts of rubbish, broken crockery, old Panama hats, old boots, etc. From this fertilizing source, acting upon the natural hint of the place, which cannot be reached by any wind, a growth of ferns has sprung up which in its hugeness is actually awesome. The upper part of the grotto is hung with the delicate maidenhair, graceful as ever, but of immense size. Below this there are two other varieties, one of which has eleven fronds, each a foot long, the whole having a height from the ground of four and half feet. The other is very peculiar. The fronds are shaped like antlers, but resemble in color the oak-leaf. They are, however, arranged in two clusters, one above the other, so as to present the appearance of a double fern. The size is not very great, the length of the frond being about that of a chestnut-tree leaf. There is a broken place in the rough wall of masonry put by the workmen to close up the interior, through which I make my way; but, as it is perfectly dark inside, and I have neither candles nor matches, and am, besides, to tell the honest truth, somewhat scared by the darkness and the mystery, I scramble back again to the grotto of ferns, no wiser than when I got through. I squat down among the big ferns, and look stupidly at the overhanging roof. It is coral, not a doubt about it; the spot where I sit was once beneath the waves that fashioned these recesses and this overhanging arch of strangest form. And the place is so silent! There is neither the chirp of an insect, the hum of a beetle, nor the twitter of a young bird talking to its mother and entreating for flies. It is quite a relief to see the butterflies that hover about, deep in the cups of the *convolvuli*. They are splendid specimens, and, if I had within me the least spark of an entomologist, my soul would expand with rapturous ideas of conquest. But I have not. I have only a brotherly feeling for the living things that share with me in the awful mystery of this place. I would be thankful if one would perch with outstretched pinions upon my finger, or flutter

about my face, or make some acknowledgment of my presence and our brotherhood of life. But the *Papilionidae* do not regard me in the slightest, and I scramble about the place, sobered and almost sad. It is as if the shadow of a great thought had swept over my soul.

From this point the pathway sweeps down through the jungle, right to the river; and here the interest in the fortification is lost in the activity and hustle of the wharves along the Ozama. There is not much here, except logs; and of these there are plenty piled up, to be taken away by the barks, brigs, and schooners, and the one solitary steamer, our own Tybee. There are the *caoba*, or mahogany; the *Guaiaac. tignum-vitæ*; the *cabuacha* (break-hatchet), iron-wood; the *mona*, fastic for dyeing; the Campeche log-wood, for the same; the *spinillia*, satin-wood; *cedro*, cedar; the *palo de tabaco*, tobacco-wood, so called, but in reality a spotted cane, black and yellow, used for walking-sticks; the *grenadijo*, an inferior kind of the same; and some woods used for building purposes. Right opposite the Tybee's location is the fortified house of Don Diego Columbus, a frowning ruin, built of dark limestone; and among the piles of wood on the wharf is the great *mupoo*-tree to whose branches his brother Bartolomeo moored his *caravel*. Beyond that, again, is the well which the latter dug, and which still furnishes the best water in San Domingo. For some unknown reason, to me at least, all the bells in the city—and they are legion, many of them being quite large, and all cracked—begin to ring in an enthusiastic fashion; and I return to the excellent *Hôtel de Commerce*, kept by a Frenchman, M. Auguste, to find my cup of coffee and my roll awaiting me at the hands of his comely daughters.

RODOLPHE E. GARCZYNSKI.

THE ETERNAL PERFUME.

IN the Arabian Desert, many days' journey toward the setting sun, is an oasis lying like an emerald in the vast ocean of sand. From the eastern horizon to the western rim, and northward, southward, far as eye can reach, the barren waste is blistered beneath a fierce sky of brass, where no cloud ever gathers to shade the scorching glare. Except now and then some wandering Arab on a dromedary, guiding his course by sun and stars, or a tired caravan plying its march far off where the desert earth meets the desert sky, nothing rises above the ribs of sand but this garden-spot with its group of palms, a beautiful vision, like the embodied dream of some wearied traveller.

The rank vegetation of the tropics blooms upon this island of the sandy sea; for in its centre the green walls of perpetual summer close in a small but deep lake, the black surface of which reflects the gaudy fan of the peacock that struts around its borders, and the brilliant hue of the scarlet flamingo that flies across from tree to tree. The waters of this lake are the color of ink, and, stranger still, they give off a perfume—a peculiar perfume, not like the fragrance of flowers, but a sweetness intense, lingering, almost suffocating,

that seems to stagnate in heavy folds upon the atmosphere. Along the western shore, among the tangle of rushes, are scattered broken columns and capitals. Fragments of marble shafts, roughly carved with grim faces, flying monsters, and grotesque imps, are half hidden in the reeds. Discolored and covered with slime, some lie in the shallows where the storks wade, and some farther back, by a shattered stone-wall, where the lizards come out to bask in the sun.

But there is no human presence anywhere. Under the giant ferns animals of the southern clime sleep away the days, and the monkeys play in the trees. Birds flutter on rainbow wings among the myriad flowers; and on the hanging vines, where the convolvuli lure a cloud of butterflies, huge spiders weave their webs, and venomous serpents conceal their glittering folds. At night the fire-flies wink, and in the palms the dry cicadas sound a wavering *fugue*, and along the water's edge the fox-fire shines.

Many traditions exist among the wandering tribes of the East concerning this strange, coal-black lake. Many stories are told about the wonderful perfume that rises from its rayless depths, and about the broken, rough-hewn stones that lie scattered along its western shore. The Arabs regard this oasis with a kind of religious awe, and seldom enter upon its sacred borders. Some of these legends, enveloped in the romance of the middle ages, are connected with the various crusades; others date from the era of Mohammed, and relate some of the principal events in the prophet's career; but the one which is received among the dwellers in the desert with the greatest faith, springs from the remotest times; when the Arabians were gross idolaters; when their religion embraced an innumerable number of divinities, which they represented by images of men and women, beasts and birds; when they wandered over the land, worshipping their gods among the desert oases, and on the everlasting hills. It is a wild, Oriental tale.

According to this legend, the waters of the lake were not black then, but clear as crystal, nor was there any perfume but the perfume of flowers. On its western shore were no broken capitals, but a pure white temple of strange architecture stood with its slender pinnacles reaching up into the first purple light of dawn just slanting across the sky. The glow of morning brightened and descended upon a mighty encampment, whose tents covered the desert like a frost. A veil of mist rose from the lake, and from about the beautiful temple, and every fern showed its wreath of silver stars. Then the hum of awakened life rang through the camp. Here and there an Arab stood muttering, with his rigid face toward the East, for the brilliant turbans gave to the sallow countenances beneath the sternness of iron.

As the sun rose higher, there was a great stir among the people, and the wondering birds called and questioned each other in the trees. The men moved restlessly from place to place; knots of sore-eyed children were dispersed, and the women, carrying heavy burdens, hurried about, while the camels fed quietly at their troughs.

The great caravan had come many weeks'

journey from beyond the desert to worship the far-famed idol. In its train were also the sick, and blind, and lame, hoping to be healed and for days had they sat on the sand, in the scorching heat, offering prayers. Rich and poor, old and young, were there; the emir himself had come, bringing laden camels all fluttering with gorgeous trappings. Now the final time had arrived when the sacrifices were to be made, and thus early had the weak and crippled crawled to the temple, and clung to either side of the entrance, waiting until the great doors should be thrown open.

A line of priests, clad in robes of scarlet and gold, came down in slow procession, and filled magnificent vases with the crystal waters of the lake. A sound was heard from the temple like the blast of a great trumpet; it rang, long and sustained, through the encampment; and, before it had died away, groups of young women danced, in wild, fantastic figures, round this pure white dwelling of their god. Then, amid the discordant clash of ruder instruments, all the people gathered to worship the graven image.

The emir came down from his throne that was buried in flowers and waving banners, where the palm-trees made a pavilion, and the dancers, with ever-varying measure, and arms raised over their heads, circled, never tiring; but, when there came from the unseen trumpet a second blast, they ceased—the massive doors of the temple moved back, and exposed the interior of the great white shrine.

Like some demon of darkness, mounted upon a car in the centre, was a huge, black stone figure. The hideous, black face was malignant, relentless; the heavy black arms it held out were always ready for the sacrifice; and the clumsy black feet had been tarnished by the hands of many worshippers. Saibes of brilliant colors, and garlands of tropical flowers, bedecked the rough-cut head and shoulders. Blue, green, red, and purple lights shot from precious stones that ornamented the wheels and sides of the car on which the image stood. This was Jandi, the idol.

Before its presence all the host fell with their faces to the ground, and every sound was hushed, but the birds still calling to each other in the trees, and the insects keeping up their never-ending *fugue*. Suddenly the far-off rumble of beating drums fell upon the ears of the kneeling worshippers. Instantly a startled cry ran through the multitude, a wild, terror-stricken cry, "The Turks! the Turks!" Every man sprang to his feet, and stood with his hands shielding his eyes, looking northward. There a glittering horizon of spears and lances blazed in the sun, brighter than the jewels on Jandi's car. Again the cry started, and again it was taken up by a hundred voices, "The Turks! the Turks!"

Down from the north they swept, horse and rider, a whole army at full gallop. The oncoming host struck terror through the frightened Arabs, who were helplessly surprised by their most deadly enemy. At first, bewildered and dismayed, they crowded closer round their idol, calling frantically upon it for protection. Would it hear their prayer? But the stone figure made no answer, and, inspired by the courage of desperation, the worshippers rushed madly into the battle. The conflict raged. The infuriated Arabs,

with the name of the mighty Jandi on their lips, fought like tigers. They advanced, they fell back, they advanced again, they fell back again. Still calling on the graven image, emir and priest joined in its defence. But lance and javelin were hurled upon them with unfaltering aim, and they bowed as captives before the relentless foe. The Turks gained the temple where the black-stone god glared upon them with a malignant face; but it stood motionless as when the young women had danced in fantastic measure before its shrine. War-horses were attached to its car, and slowly the idol was drawn out upon the blood-stained ground. They dragged it to the edge of the lake. At the sight, the Arabs made another struggle, but the Turks, driving them back, by the united strength of horse and horseman, pushed it in. It fell with the splash of an avalanche.

Wild yells of delight rose from the victors as they saw the overthrown Jandi lie deep down in the crystal lake. A moment the image stared upward at them with hideous features, then a cloud began to rise about it in the water. The grim countenance of the idol faded, and its outlines lost themselves in the dimness that grew darker and darker until all the lake was black as ebony. A singular odor, too, rose and strengthened as the waters changed their color.

Before this mystery, the affrighted Turks turned and fled—fled far out over the desert until a clear horizon shut down, unbroken by one retreating figure. Spears and lances were dropped, and the captured Arabs left to be their own masters.

Jandi, the mighty, had come to their delivery.

For the peculiar stone of which the idol was made, dissolved in the peculiar waters of the desert, turned them black, and produced this strange odor, which grew sweeter than the fragrance of flowers.

And here, in the centre of this beautiful oasis, lies the lake, like an everlasting censer over the sacrifice, and its breath drifts in waves upon the land—an eternal perfume.

FLORENCE McLANDBURGH.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

MR. SEWARD IN INDIA. *

A CONCERT IN INDIA.

The maharajah's concert was given in a style of Oriental magnificence at the town-hall, before an audience of twelve hundred, all of whom the prince had invited. An illuminated arch was raised above the porch of the building, and above it blazed the "Star of India," with all the effect which gas-jets and reflectors of burnished silver could produce. The vaulted roof of the building is supported by double rows of white Corinthian columns with corresponding pilasters. The ceiling and walls were painted in delicate green; groups of rose-colored lamps were suspended between the columns and pilasters, and the nave was lighted with transparencies

designed to illustrate the greatness and glory of Britain. The splendid combination of light and color brought out in full relief the garlands and festoons of flowers which burdened the air with perfume. Sofas were arranged so as to afford the guests full freedom of promenade and conversation in the intervals of the music. The maharajah, with royal munificence, brought the entire operatic troupe upon the stage, while independent bands of music were stationed at all the approaches of the edifice. The turbaned and decorated prince appeared in his own proper regalia of gold and jewels, realizing the highest descriptions we have ever read of Eastern gorgeousness. He wore not only rings without number on his fingers, a golden girdle at his waist, necklaces of jewels, and "ropes of pearls" on his breast, but also a blue-and-gold satin robe, which was brodered to the depth of six inches with a solid mass of glittering precious stones. It is needless to say that the musical performance was very good, yet it was the ostentatious display which attended it that was the wonder of Calcutta that night.

A HINDOO TEMPLE.

We went to-day in search of *Kali Ghaut*. It is the most famous of the Hindoo temples here, and from it the city derives its name. We found it in a base suburb. It has three disconnected structures, which, although they are built after the customary models, and of solid materials, seem nevertheless mean, when seen with their vulgar surroundings. The floors of all are on one level, eight feet above the ground, and are reached by stone steps. The building on the right hand is a circular one about fifteen feet high above the floor, open all round, with a roof supported by Hindoo columns. The central building is an oblong one. The third and principal edifice is a square surmounted by a dome, which extends beyond the walls, and is supported by outside columns. It has no windows; light is admitted through small doors on three sides. The building first described is the hall of sacrifice, into which only Bramin priests are admitted. The building last described contains the shrine of the goddess Kali, to whose service the *Thugs* especially devoted themselves. Not even its threshold must be profaned by the footstep of the vulgar. The central edifice is the worshippers', from which they pay their adoration to the divinity on the right hand, and on the other witness the sacrifices. A Bramin crowd dressed in clean white, many of them speaking uncommonly good English, were assiduous, though not obtrusive, in explaining the mysteries to us. As we went through the grounds, a native police sprang forth at every turn to protect us against any injury or offence. We waited an hour for the priest who had the keys. He came at last, arrayed in pure white—a tall man and dignified, in every way seeming worthy to serve at the altar. With much labor he unfastened a massive padlock, and, turning its heavy bolts backward, threw open a door on either side of the sanctuary, and disclosed to us through the dim light a wrought-iron or stone figure of human proportions but scarcely of human shape. The idol is black, has three glaring red eyes, a broad golden tongue tipped with black, which projects from a distended mouth down to the waist, and is dripping with blood. The arms are large. The left hand holds a giant's head; the right hand, a sword with which it has been severed—both crimsoned with blood. A necklace of infants' skulls graces the demon. Devout worshippers prostrated themselves around us, and something like mumbled prayers were heard as they beat their heads upon the pavement. We placed some rupees in a vessel before us; these were thrown at the feet of Kali, and the doors were quickly closed. This savage deity called

Kali, is the wife of *Siva*, and is the author of all the evils which beset the human race. Bullocks and goats are sacrificed. Fire purifies the latter, and the offering is eaten by the priests; the former, incapable of purification, are charitably given to pariahs. The ground around the hall of sacrifice is rank with the odor of putrefaction. One hundred and fifty Bramins and their families live in and about this temple. They seem to be supported by contributions of pilgrims, and by deprecatory offerings of merchants who are engaging in business enterprises.

THE KING OF OUDE.

The majestic declamations of Burke, in the trial of Warren Hastings, have made the civilized world familiar with the tragic story of the kingdom of Oude. We may, hereafter, have occasion to speak, not of the kingdom, but of the king. The last descendant of the native king who reigned at Lucknow under the British protectorate, joined the mutiny in 1857. On its suppression, he was deprived of the kingdom, but was allowed to retain his sovereign rank with a munificent pension, though obliged to reside in Calcutta under government surveillance. Yesterday, we repaired to his palace on the bank of the Hoogly, in compliance with his invitation. The royal residence consists of twelve stately edifices with colonnades, which accommodate retainers, servants, and soldiery, numbering in all ten thousand. A regiment of native troops gave Mr. Seward a salute at the grand gate, and we were received at the palace by the king's eldest son, the heir-apparent, who announced that his father, being very ill, had deputed him to be his representative on the occasion of our visit. We have never seen a handsomer youth, although he is swarthy. Dressed fully up to his character, he wore flowing robes of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, and his father's jewelled gold crown. The titular King of Oude is probably the only monarch in the world who wears such antiquated head-gear as this. Doubtless, however, it is a pleasing reminder of the palmy state from which he has "fallen, fallen, fallen."

The prince, in a most amiable and communicative temper, conducted us through the extensive flower-gardens, immense menageries as well as aviaries and aquariums, neither of which, we imagine, has an equal in any part of the world. An account of the animals exhibited would be little less than a "catalogue." We saw huge bon-constrictors sleeping in their cages. The snake-charmer skillfully drew the *cobra de capello* from its prison, stretched it on the ground, and then with great dexterity seized it by the throat, and at pleasure made it open its mouth and show the strong, sharp, white fang, whose stroke is instant death, and beneath it the small sac in which the fatal venom is secreted. The ostrich, the bird-of-paradise, the pelican, the flamingo, the eagle, and the swan, are as domesticated as if they had known no other home. We counted one hundred species of the pigeon, nor can we recall the name of any tenant of the air which is not represented there. The aquariums are lakes, each covering an acre, and ten feet deep. Their inhabitants of all kinds came to be fed from our hands. An immense green tortoise was tempted to the shore by a bunch of bananas, and walked back seeming not at all oppressed by the burden of an attendant, who stood on his back, and who weighs nearly two hundred pounds. The English people here tell us that the munificent King of Oude is treacherous, and that his handsome son is graceless. But when has conqueror confided in his prisoner?

A NIGHT ON THE GANGES.

A continuous railroad-journey of twenty-two hours, fatiguing everywhere, is doubly

* "Wm. H. Seward's Travels around the World. Edited by Olive Ridley Seward." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

severe here; but how could we decline a compliment from so high a native source, or how forego an occasion so novel and interesting as a night on the Ganges? Two officers of the prince's household bearing silver maces six feet long, with twenty servants in scarlet and white, met us on the river-bank and placed us in cushioned chairs, under a gay canopy, on the deck of a graceful yacht. We floated leisurely downward with the current. The first part of the voyage had no special interest. The night was dark, and the dim lights around us gave us only spectral glimpses of the terraced banks. When, however, we had advanced a mile, we saw, on our right, at the river's edge, the blazing, crackling flames of seeming bonfires. The portion of the banks thus illuminated seemed to rise to the height of a hundred feet, and were thickly crowded with massive structures; and, over all these, the gleaming dome and minarets of Aungmye, the great mosque of the city. What was our surprise to find that the fires, which we had supposed kindled for a temporary illumination, were funeral-fires! Ghauts are built on the banks for the sole purpose of cremation. The spectacle turned our thoughts, for the moment, upon the strange process of disposing of the remains of the dead. "What," we inquired, "is done with the ashes which remain from the fires?" "They scatter them on the bosom of the sacred river."

At this point we entered a crowd of brilliantly illuminated and gayly decorated barges, so dense that it was not without difficulty that we made our way through it to the station assigned us, near the maharajah's barge, from which a calcium-light flashed an intense and dazzling splendor over the entire city. On either side of this magnificent barge was another one, equally gorgeous; the one containing the Maharajah of Visnapatam, the other, the Maharajah of Putteeala. These dignitaries were guests. The barges of the three princes were lashed together, and a grand Oriental pavilion extended over them. All the optical effect that can be obtained by fanciful naval designs, brilliant light, and variegated drapery, by moving crowds and splendid costumes, reflected by mirrors, crystals, and gold, was produced here; while the senses were ravished by the perfume of burning incense and tropical flowers. Though dazzled by cross-lights, and bewildered by the indescribable glitter, we passed, under safe guidance, from our own barge to that of the Maharajah of Benares. Under the same conduct we passed through successive chambers, each varying in enchantment from the others, until we reached the curtained and festooned central saloon, appropriated to guests. Here rose-water and neroli gushed over us from silver and crystal fountains; champagne and sherbets sparkled in golden vases; buffets groaned with the weight of fruits, confectionery, and ices; while beautiful *nautch* girls in gauzy attire performed their most sacred and celebrated songs and dances to their strange music.

It may be imagined we were filled with emotion, when, in an interval of this elaborate Asiatic exhibition, the solemn measure of "Glory Hallelujah" from a full European orchestra burst upon our ears. The performance of this great marching-anthem of the Union army in the late war, was a thoughtful recognition on the part of the maharajah of Mr. Seward's presence. We took leave of our princely entertainers at twelve o'clock, leaving the pageant of the Ganges to go on during the whole night for the enjoyment of those who, unlike ourselves, had strength enough to endure it.

THE GHATS OF THE GANGES.

Long before John baptized in the Jordan, the Asiatics had conceived the beautiful idea

that certain rivers are holy, and that their waters have the power of "cleansing from all sin." The Ganges is, as it always has been, that river of the Hindoos. They must come hither as pilgrims from the most distant regions, at least once in a lifetime, and even once a year, if they can. They come here, moreover, if they can, to die; because, to die in the holy city, secures a direct entrance into paradise. Native princes, successful baboos, and rich zemindars, please the Brahmin priests and the people, and think also that they please the gods, by erecting majestic temples and buildings, costly marble ghauts for the use of the pilgrims as well as burning ghauts. To reach these ghauts, the high, steep banks of the river, for miles in length, are terraced with perfect stone steps. The temples rise to the height of five, six, seven, eight, nine stories. They are built of marble and freestone, pierced with windows of every conceivable graceful shape, and are extravagantly ornamented with colonnades, corridors, balconies, niches, large and small domes, towers, pavilions, and pinnacles, which are set off with gilding and bright colors. The mosque, with its tapering minarets, occasionally interjected among the temples, lends a pleasing relief to the Hindoo architecture, while its severe form and outlines seem to reprove the prolific imagination of the Hindoos. A highly-picturesque scene presented itself on the river-bank. Citizens, pilgrims, men, women, and children—singly, in groups, and in throngs—are ascending and descending the staircases, bearing on their heads bronze urns and vases, large and small, of forms as graceful as the Etruscan. Even the stately elephant seems to have adopted the mystic faith, for we saw him many times walk down the staircase, which had been nicely adapted to the human footstep, fill his trunk, and solemnly return. Pilgrims were plunging into the water from platforms and boats and barges of fanciful construction, some in the shape of peacocks, swans, and fishes. All the devotees dress in snow-white robes as they leave the water, to give effect to the idea that immersion purifies. The funeral-fires of the previous night are still blazing. How can they be extinguished? All that are in the city must die, and all that die are brought here. Having passed the entire river-front in the yacht, we dismissed it and returned through the streets of the city. They are close and narrow, but well paved, and compared with the Chinese cities, excepting Canton, they are clean. The chief temple is that of Siva, the representative of the principle of destruction and reproduction. The dome and the towers are of burnished gold. Siva is the same round, black stone set in the floor as at Calcutta. Far greater reverence is paid to him here. Access and egress are made almost impossible by the multitude of pilgrims and votaries, who come into the temples laden with perfumes, fruits, flowers, and urns of holy water. Priests receive these oblations and appropriate them as perquisites, nor did the holy men disdain to receive some bright silver rupees from our unworthy and profane hands. Three small, gentle, and very pretty sacred white cows, with wreaths of orange-flowers and roses around their necks, wander at pleasure in the holiest recesses of the temple, among the worshippers, who feed them with rose-leaves and lotus-flowers.

But what a poor apology for human devotion is that of Siva compared with the exhibition of that sentiment which is presented to *Doorga*! At the temple of the former it is a black stone that is honored; at that of the *Doorga* it is the living, moving animal creation, the monkey. Moreover, these monkeys seem to appreciate their celestial privileges and honors. They are of all sorts and sizes. We saw them by the thousand gambolling in

the courts, "racing and chasing" through the corridors, and mischievously laughing upon the worshippers below from columns and cornices, from balustrades and balconies.

RECEPTION AT PUTTEEALA.

Putteeala, the capital of the province or native principality of the same name, is protected by a citadel as spacious, though not so substantially or scientifically constructed, as Fort Hamilton. Fortifications in India seem to have been built as retreats or places of safety for the sovereign or his family. The mother of the present prince resides in the citadel of Putteeala. Arriving at its gate, we came to a halt, and we saw through a cloud of dust the maharajah coming toward us in a magnificent state coach drawn by six white horses; the highway, on either side, was lined with out-riders and a squadron of cavalry. The prince, driving by the side of our carriage, saluted Mr. Seward with stately cordiality. When the compliments were ended, the maharajah asked Mr. Seward in which manner he would prefer to make his entrance into the capital; whether he would go with him in his coach, or whether he would be pleased to make his entrance on the back of an elephant. Mr. Seward, diffident perhaps of his skill in the latter mode of travel, or acting under a conviction that modesty best becomes a visitor, accepted the offer of a seat in the coach. The maharajah, taking his seat at Mr. Seward's left, made a rapid advance toward the city. The ladies, like Mr. Seward, being complimented with the same choice of manner of entering the city, decided like Mr. Seward in favor of a comfortable coach-and-six. Hereupon a halt and parley ensued between Captain Horsford and the prince's master of ceremonies. In the course of this debate, it appeared that, while the prince excused Mr. Seward's declination of the honor of the elephant on the ground of his years, the ladies who could offer no such plea would give offence by claiming the same indulgence. Sixty elephants stood by the road-side, richly caparisoned in cloth of gold and scarlet, all ornamented with gilt earrings and necklaces. There was no more to be said on that question. The elephants knelt, silver ladders were placed against their sides, and, in less time than it takes to describe the action, the two ladies, not venturing to ride alone, were seated, together with Captain Horsford, in the spacious gilded and velvet howdah. The elephant arose with a motion like that of the surge on the coast of Madras, and the ladies found themselves in the upper air. The Hindoo driver sits on the elephant's head, and directs his motions by the use of an iron spike, which he thrusts against the skin on either side of the forehead. A procession was then formed. First, the maharajah with Mr. Seward; then the ladies; next, our three servants, Jeanie, Price, and Freeman; next, the musteed; next, the Minister of Justice, mounted in the same manner, and behind them the long train of elephants without any riders, and the five hundred richly-caparisoned horses, led by as many grooms no less gayly dressed. As a signal for the progress to begin, the air was rent by a salvo of nineteen guns; the salute was repeated by a fusillade from what seemed endless ranks of infantry, bugles sounded a march, and the cavalry moved to the front. Four bands of music wheeled into column, playing more or less together, "God save the Queen!" Behind them a company of fifty bag-pipers, playing not all together, as they fell into line, "Bonny Dundee." At the moment of the cannonade the led horses kicked, pranced, and reared; the elephants uttered piteous, deep, indescribable cries, and tried to prick up their enormous jewelled ears, remaining otherwise quiet; crowds on the way-side shouted applause, and children screamed

with delight. As for Mr. Seward, he, fortunate gentleman, snugly seated by the maharajah on velvet cushions, in the coach drawn by six well-trained animals, was unconscious of the disturbance which had arisen behind him. His inexperienced and more venturesome companions clung to each other in fright—but order was restored, and all were reassured. On the way to his capital, the maharajah addressed to Mr. Seward a studied speech of welcome. Taking care to express his regret that his guest had not accepted the elephant, the prince said, that the troops we had passed in review were ten thousand in number. He also explained to Mr. Seward, that when he came to the throne, he found no streets in Putteeala wide enough for such a pageant as he had occasion to make, and that he had, therefore, enlarged the streets, but not without making due compensation to the owners of adjacent property. Night came on us as we reached the gates. We looked from our howdahs upon the flat roofs of the dwellings and shops below us. Their inmates were gathered at the doors in gay dresses, and seemed as diminutive as the burghers of Lilliput. Thus we passed through the entire city and reached, beyond the farther gate, an esplanade used as a *Campus Martius*. Winding around a tall flag-staff, under the folds of what is called the sacred banner, we stopped before a lofty Saracenic gate. Here, the maharajah, with Mr. Seward, alighted, and the elephant-riders dismounted. The prince led the way on a gravelled walk, by the side of successive fountains, in an orange and lemon garden, as it seemed, of boundless extent. Each fountain poured over a cascade into the next. These cascades were illumined by torch-lights from behind, which imparted to the jets all the hues of the rainbow. We stopped at the porch of a tasteful Moorish palace. The prince, taking Mr. Seward by the hand, led him up a gentle flight of steps, across a veranda, into a *salon* which may be eighty by forty feet, and thirty feet high, the ceiling supported by a double row of columns, and the walls draped with orange-and-scarlet silks. "The palace," said the maharajah, "is yours; this is the hall in which you will sit; these apartments on either side of it are the rooms in which you will sleep. You must be weary with your journey. I beg to take my leave for the night. I shall have the honor to visit you to-morrow morning."

The ladies were not slow in exploring the cosy little palace. Its lights, furniture, and ornamentation, are an Oriental exaggeration of the European style. The welcome dinner, though prepared by a French hand, and graced with the best wines of France, Germany, and Portugal, was served by Hindoos, who, dressed in flowing white gowns, glided noiselessly in bare feet over the velvet carpet. "Of a truth," said Mr. Seward, "the prince of Putteeala is not like those 'people' whom we see in Calcutta." As for the ladies, they expressed a doubt whether the story of Aladdin is indeed a fiction.

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

I had already stayed at various sheep-stations in Queensland, but only for a few days at each; and these had been generally large places, where perhaps from one to two hundred thousand sheep were shorn, and into which consequently the comforts and luxuries of civilized life had been imported. These were hardly typical bush residences. At that to which I now went, a young squatter beginning life owned not much more than ten thousand sheep, and was living quite "in the rough." The number of sheep at these stations will generally indicate with fair accuracy the mode of life at the head station.

A hundred thousand sheep and upward require a professed man-cook and a butler to look after them; forty thousand sheep cannot be shorn without a piano; twenty thousand is the lowest number that renders napkins at dinner imperative. Ten thousand require absolute plenty, meat in plenty, tea in plenty, brandy-and-water, and colonial wine in plenty, but do not expect champagne, sherry, or made dishes, and are supposed to be content with continued mutton or continued beef, as the squatter may at the time be in the way of killing sheep or oxen.

The station I visited, and which I will call M—, was about two hundred and fifty miles west of Sydney, and was decidedly in the bush. I have already endeavored to explain that nearly every place beyond the influences of the big towns is called "bush," even though there should not be a tree to be seen around; but, in reaching this place, I journeyed for three days after leaving the railway through continuous woodland, doing about forty miles a day in a buggy. The house stood on a small creek, and was surrounded by interminable forest. Close around it was the home-paddock, railed in, and containing about fifty acres. Such an enclosure about a gentleman's house in England is an appendage of great value, and constitutes with some, who are ambitious, almost a little park. In the bush it is little more thought of than as so much waste ground round the house. Two or three cows may run in it, or a horse or two for immediate use. It is generally found convenient to have a horse near the house for the sake of "running in" other horses. One horse in the stable to catch two horses in the home-paddock wherewith four horses, when wanted, may be run in from the horse-paddock, make together a combination which in the bush is considered to be economical and convenient. At M— the home-paddock was partially cleared of timber, and was pretty enough. Outside it, meeting the creek both before and behind, was the horse-paddock, containing about two hundred and fifty acres. This was supposed to be the domain appropriated to the horses of the establishment needed for the working of it. At that time there were about twenty, and I believe that there was not one too many. My young friend also had his rams here during a portion of the year, but hardly expected more from so small an enclosure than food for the animals required for use. A public road, such as bush-roads are, ran through the horse-paddock—very inconvenient in that, it caused the gates to be left open, and brought travellers that way whose presence was hardly desirable, but not without compensation, as a postman with the mails passed each way twice a week. The postman was a great blessing. If he wanted food for himself or his horse he got it; and in return he complied with all requests made to him, conveying letters, telegrams, and messages, with wondrous accuracy. A mailman coming by—they are mailmen and not postmen in the bush—is a great addition to the comforts of bush-life. At the back of the horse-paddock was the wool-shed paddock, containing about one thousand two hundred acres, with the wool-shed at one corner of it, distant about a mile from the house. There were three other paddocks on the run, one containing twelve thousand acres, and the others seven thousand acres each.

The house was built at right angles to the creek, to the edge of which the little garden ran. It was, of course, only of one story. A squatter rarely builds a two-storied house till he be a very large squatter indeed, and then his habitation loses most of the characteristics of the bush. It was of one story, and contained but three rooms—a sitting-

room in the middle, and a bedroom on each side; but along the front there ran a veranda twelve feet wide, in which everybody lived, using the sitting-room simply for meals. Life in the bush would be nothing without a veranda. The men, of course, spend their days mostly out-of-doors, but in the evenings the verandas are delightful. Here are congregated lounging-chairs, generally very rough, but always comfortable, with tables, sofas, and feminine nick-nacks, if there be ladies, till the place has the appearance of a room open to the heavens. A veranda, to be perfect, should be curtained against the sun, and should be sheltered also from the heat by creepers. Behind the house, about thirty yards distant from it, was the kitchen, with a servants' room attached to it, and behind that again another edifice called the cottage, consisting of two rooms, in which slept the young men who were about the place, for it must be remembered that there always are young men about a squatter's station. Then there were other buildings, forming a quadrangle, which, however, was never as neat as such homestead quadrangle should be. There was a rough stable, and a rougher coach-house, and that indispensable accessory, the store-room. The place was altogether rough, and certainly not well kept; but it was comfortable and picturesque, and easily susceptible of improvement when increasing flocks and high prices for wool would justify the expenditure.

Of social gatherings, such as we know them, there are none in the bush. Squatters do not go out to dine, or ask each other to dinner. As a rule, I think, they rarely invite each other for country visiting. But they make freest use of each other's houses, so that society of a certain kind is created. They do not make visits exclusively of pleasure; but, when business calls them from home, they make no scruple of riding up to each other's doors and demanding hospitality. A bush-house is never considered to be full. If there be not rooms apiece for the guests, the men are put together and the women together. If there be not bedsteads, beds are made up on the floors. If room be still lacking, the young men wrap themselves in blankets and stretch themselves in the veranda. It is a point of honor that the house shall never be full, unless some one very odious comes the way. But even for those who are odious, shelter and food are provided in some outside hut or barrack.

Those rides through the forest, either when I was alone, or when I could get my host to go with me—which was rarely, unless on a Sunday afternoon—were very pleasant. The melancholy note of the magpie was almost the only sound that was heard. Occasionally kangaroos would be seen—two or three staring about them after a half-time fashion, as though they had not as yet made up their mind whether it would be necessary for them to run. When approached, they would move, always in a line, and with apparent leisure till pursued. Then they would bound away, one here and one there, at a pace which made it impossible for a single horseman to get near them in a thickly-timbered country. It was all wood. There arose at last a feeling that, go where one might through the forest, one was never going anywhere. It was all picturesque, for there was rocky ground here and there, and hills in the distance, and the trees were not too close for the making of pretty vistas through them; but it was all the same. One might ride on, to the right or to the left, or might turn back, and there was ever the same view. And there were no objects to reach, unless it was the paddock-fence. And when the paddock-fence was jumped, then it was the same thing again.

Looking round, one could tell, by no outward sign, whether one was inside or outside the boundary—whether one was two miles or ten miles from the station.

The recreations of the evening consisted chiefly of tobacco in the veranda. I did endeavor to institute a whist-table, but I found that my friends, who were wonderfully good in regard to the age and points of a sheep, and who could tell to the fraction of a penny what the wool of each was worth by the pound, never could be got to remember the highest card of the suit. I should not have minded that, had they not so manifestly despised me for regarding such knowledge as important. They were right, no doubt, as the points of a sheep are of more importance than the pips of a card, and the human mind will hardly admit of the two together. Whist is a jealous mistress; and so is a sheep-station.

I have been at very many bush-houses—at over thirty different stations in the different colonies—but at not one, as I think, in which I have not found a fair provision of books. It is universally recognized, among squatters, that a man who settles down in the bush without books, is preparing for himself a miserable future life. That the books are always used when they are there I will not say. That they are used less frequently than they should be used I do not doubt. When men come in from physical work, hungry, tired—with the feeling that they have earned an hour or two of ease by many hours of labor—they are apt to claim the right to allow their minds to rest as well as their limbs. Who does not know how very much this is the case at home, even among young men and women in our towns, who cannot plead the same excuse of real bodily fatigue? That it should be so is a pity of pities, not on the score chiefly of information lost or of ignorance perpetuated; but because the power of doing that which should be the one recreation and great solace of our declining years perishes from desuetude, and cannot be renewed when age has come upon us. But I think that this folly is hardly more general in the Australian bush than in English cities. There are books to be read, and the young squatter, when the evening comes upon him, has no other recreation to entice him. He has no club, no billiard-table, no public-house which he can frequent. Balls and festivities are very rare. He probably marries early, and lives the life of a young patriarch, lord of every thing around him, and master of every man he meets on his day's ride. Of course, there are many who have risen to this from lower things—who have become squatters without any early education, who have been butchers, drovers, or perhaps shepherds themselves. That they should not be acquainted with books is a matter of course. They have lacked the practice in youth of which I have just spoken. But among those who have had the advantage of early nurture, and have been taught to handle books familiarly when young, I think that reading is at least as customary as it is with young men in London. The authors I found most popular were certainly Shakespeare, Dickens, and Macaulay. I would back the chance of finding Macaulay's essays at a station against that of any book in the language except Shakespeare. To have a Shakespeare is a point of honor with every man who owns a book at all, whether he reads it or leaves it unread.

I have said that squatters marry early. The reasons for doing so are very strong; and those reasons for not doing so, which are terribly familiar to us at home, hardly exist in the bush. The man is alone, and can have, at any rate, no female companionship unless he marry. In ordinary life, as we know it, the unmarried man enjoys as many

comforts—unfortunately, perhaps, more luxuries—than do they who take to themselves wives. But in the bush the unmarried man is very desolate, and will probably soon become forlorn and wretched in his mode of life. He will hardly get a woman who will cook for him decently, or who will sew a button on his shirt when it is wanted. And he will soon care nothing how his dinner is cooked, and whether his shirt be with or without a button. On the other hand, the cost of his household when he is married will hardly be more than when he is single. If his wife know how to keep a bush-house, her presence will almost be a saving to him. At home, in England, the young man when he marries has to migrate from his lodgings to a house, he must make up an establishment, buy furniture, hire servants, and enter altogether upon a new phase of life. He must have ready money in his pocket to begin with, and a future income probably very much in advance of that he has hitherto been expected to expend. But on a station there is nothing of the kind. There is the house, in which it may be necessary to put a few additional comforts. There is the establishment—already on so large a scale in consequence of the necessity of supplying men with rations that no recognized increase is created. When children come, and education is needed, expenses of course will grow; but at first the thing is so easy that the young squatter simply goes out in his buggy and brings home the daughter of some other squatter, after a little ceremony performed in the nearest church.—*"Australia and New Zealand," by Anthony Trollope.*

THE ARNO.

O heavens! how beautiful it is! Far as the eye can see, the poet-praised river winds along beneath us. Through fields where stands the hoary olive, knee-deep in wheat, and where the blossoming vine hangs its perfumed wreaths from branch to branch, or hides the bare stem which supports it in a pyramid of luxuriant foliage; past margins vivid with the rank Tuscan grass, where cream-colored oxen bow their patient necks beneath the yoke, and drag home the creaking wain, heavy with fresh-cut hay; past the feet of swelling hills, velvety with rich groves of ilex, or girdled with gray olives, and crowned with the memorial cypress black and still against the evening sky; past solid stone-built farm-house and homestead; past reaches fringed with tall reeds, or edged with a dreary waste of brown, alluvial mud, which the fierce mountain-torrents have dragged down from the treeless Apennine—past these and many another scene, old Arno flows into the heart of the City of Lilies. There she lies, far beneath us—Firenze la bella—the central glory even of this lovely scene! Close at our feet the sloping terrace-gardens break away steeply. Rose, and oleander, and camellia, and magnolia, and a thousand more familiar plants—either in leaf, or flower, or blossom—are heaped together with a soul-satisfying lavishness, and lead the eye down, by soft degrees of beauty, to where the spires and turrets of Florence seem to prick the crystal sky. Supreme in reposeful majesty, the great dome of the cathedral shows its giant curves above all compeers. There is a sense of "peace, good-will toward men," in those perfect lines; and close at hand rises, straight and slender, Giotto's bell-tower—beautiful as an expiring soul. A more eager and earthly ambition is expressed by the wondrous tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, flinging itself into the air from the battlemented walls of the building, and throwing out, midway in its height, a daring buttress to support a further flight, as though one vaulting tower had leaped upon another's shoulders! There are Santa Croce, with its dazzling marble front; Santa Maria Novella;

the dome of the Medicean chapel of San Lorenzo; the square, lofty mass of Or San Michele; the ancient tower of the Bargello, and (besides a multitude more towers and churches) the singularly picturesque city gate-ways, with their massive archways and time-embrowned stone-work. Across the river, the old gate of San Niccolò is one of the most striking of these monuments of a time when Florence was girt with walls as with a girdle. Behind it rises the hill of San Miniato, with its beautiful basilica, and the cypress-shadowed Franciscan church of San Salvatore del Monte. There is not a foot of Arno's banks, as the river flows through Florence, which is not rich in storied memories; the attempt to enumerate even a few of the most interesting would bewilder us; let us only look and be thankful. See how the Ponte Vecchio—the old jeweller's bridge—shows quaint and old-world above the stream. Beneath its arches the water—for the most part turbid and dull enough—has caught a ruby tint from the sinking sun. From this distance all the city, save those loftier structures we have noticed, seems melting in a golden haze. There is a press of red roofs, like a thronging crowd on a holiday, jostling each other, around the great centres, such as the Piazza del Duomo and della Signoria. There swings a bridge, like a thread, from shore to shore, and yonder is the fresh green line of the Cascine woods, running westward. All around—upon the plain, the lower slopes, and even the higher eminences—are strewn fair villas and palaces, showing like white pebbles dropped among the gardens of the Val d'Arno. Away—the silent stream flows westward toward Pisa, and the sun is sinking, sinking that way, too. There is a glory as of molten gold in the heavens, and splashes of dazzling brightness gild one long horizontal line of cloud above the sun.—*Temple Bar.*

AT THE EASEL.

If I had aught of art to trace
Soft-pencilled lines which poets love,
I'd draw myself a fairy face,
To hang above.

Twain-roses blushing upon snow—
The tints commingling here and there—
Soft melting into smooth white brow
And sunny hair.

Bright tresses like an aureole,
With downward-drooping rays, to glance,
A chastened light upon the whole
Sweet countenance.

Eyes, for the dim-reflected ray
To tinge with pensive tenderness,
Which the more dazzling light of day
Would dispossess.

But, ah, what painting can command,
What artist-skill could e'er arrange,
Each melody of movement, and
Each charm of change!

The fitful play of life and light
Translucent through that face of hers,
Like stars hung out to guide aright
Us wayfarers.

Is it a sin to sit and watch
This shadow of a fairer face
With tearless eyes, eager to catch
Each gift and grace?

Is it a sin this once to seat
Her in my heart as on a throne;
And fancy her, from face to feet,
All, all mine own:

All, all mine own, from dusk to dawn,
All orb'd within eyes' fierce strain;
Nor once to fear the lips' cold scorn,
The lids' disdain!

Is this a sin? Perchance; and yet
No fairer sin e'er earned a fall.
So turn the portrait and forget—
Face to the wall.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE *Swiss Economist* devotes in its last issue an interesting and instructive article to the influence which the steady growth of American travel in the Old World has had upon Continental affairs in general. According to that journal, the general estimate that twenty-five thousand Americans annually visit the Old World is correct, but it says that the general estimate that these Americans, on an average, leave one thousand dollars each in Europe is by far too low, and that that sum should at least be trebled.

To the expensive habits of American travellers, according to the writer, is principally due the enormous rise in hotel charges on the Continent during the last few years. Nay, he confidently asserts that, but for American customers, the Continent would still be without most of the superb first-class hotels which have been erected since the close of the civil war in the United States. Previous to the large and regular influx of tourists from the Old into the New World, most of the Continental hotels bore a strongly national character. Since then they have, as a general thing, become international caravansaries. Twenty years ago, who would have heard of an American hotel even in those parts of Switzerland, Italy, and France, principally visited by foreign tourists? To-day Paris has three or four, Lyons two, Marseilles two, Dresden, Berlin, and Hamburg, one, Vienna three, with two more in course of erection, Nice two, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, each one. Of American newspapers, there are now on the European Continent five, and their number will soon be increased by four more. The number of newspapers published in the United States and received at the post-offices of the various Continental states has grown in a few years at a truly enormous rate. Berlin alone receives by every Atlantic steamer nearly twenty-five hundred American dailies, and in consequence a special American clerk has been employed there. Five hundred New York dailies are regularly taken in Dresden; eleven or twelve hundred in Paris; two hundred in Geneva; two hundred in Rome; and one hundred even in distant St. Petersburg. Formerly, even the largest reading-rooms on the Continent rarely contained any American reading-rooms. To-day even second and third rate establishments are considered incomplete without full files of the prominent daily and weekly New-York journals. Besides, American newspaper spirit has exerted a most sensible influence on the management of the best Continental journals themselves. Emile de Girardin, who justly deserves the name of the best and the most enterprising newspaper manager in France, said in the programme with which he issued the first number of *La Liberté*: "I will strive to make this an American journal, so far as enterprise, vivacity, and variety, are concerned."

One of the notable changes which life in Continental capitals has undergone in the last few years, is the sudden springing up of comparatively large colonies of permanent American residents in most of them. Such colonies exist now in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Hamburg, Frankfort, Nice, Marseilles, Geneva, Basle, most of the large cities of Italy, and even in Copenhagen and St. Petersburg. Educational institutions, exclusively destined for American pupils, and, as a general thing bearing a very high character, exist in all parts of Germany and Switzerland, and in some parts of France; and it is a noteworthy fact that many intelligent German parents prefer them for their children to the old and strictly national schools. The consequence has been, that English, which formerly was taught but in the higher schools of Northern Germany, is now an indispensable subject of study in all educational institutions on the Continent. And, among the universities of Germany and Switzerland, there are to-day but two, Kiel and Greifswalde, which have no Americans on their lists of students. American bonds, too, which, previous to our war, were little known in the Continental money-markets, are now held, to the extent of many millions, in every Continental state; and "5-20 coupon-day" is almost as important an event in Hamburg, Berlin, Frankfort, and Paris, as it is in New York and Philadelphia.

— It is becoming every year more and more the fashion for novelists—especially in England—to write with a view to presenting their works in a dramatized form on the stage. The story-writer, as he constructs his plot, and particularly as he is composing and arranging his dialogue, thinks how these will suit the action of the stage, as well as how they will contribute to make up an artistic work of fiction. Dickens probably wrote "No Thoroughfare" with the definite intention of reproducing it in flesh and blood; and an admirable play was easily wrought from it. Of living novelists, the two most popular, if not the two greatest—Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins—labor upon fictions which are essentially dramatic in essence and in intention; and a glance at such works as "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," "Peg Woffington," and "A Terrible Temptation," will betray how easily the transformation from a book to be read to a play to be acted may be effected. But to write a successful novel which can also be made a successful play, requires a peculiar genius, an exceptional combination of talents. It is evident that few are gifted with the double capacity; and that many of the most successful romancers cannot write in the technically dramatic form. Hence a question which very seriously affects what we may call romancer-dramatists, and which has especially spurred Charles Reade to a series of lively court-of-law contests, has arisen in regard to the rights of an author who makes this double use of his invented plot and dialogue. Has

Charles Reade, for instance, who has written "The Terrible Temptation," and duly published it, an exclusive right, under the copyright law, to dramatize it and represent it upon the stage? At first blush this would seem unquestionable. Ordinarily, an inventor is protected in making the utmost use and benefit from that which he has invented; the plot and dialogue of the story are Mr. Reade's invention; therefore he may mould and metamorphose that which he has produced—the idea to which he has given life—in any way that will accrue to his profit and reputation. But the highest English common-law court, being appealed to on this question, flatly denies what seems to the unlegal mind so perfectly simple a proposition. Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn decides that any nomadic playwright may seize upon Mr. Reade's story and dramatize it, even preserving the identical words of the conversation and the identical structure of the plot, publish the drama, and produce it upon the stage. Nor is this all. The playwright may copyright his play, and Charles Reade, the original inventor, if he ventures afterward to dramatize his own novel, becomes liable to an action by the man who has thus filched, utilized, and profited by his ideas. The only way in which the author can protect himself from this sort of piracy is, to dramatize his novel and copyright the drama, or represent it on the stage. On the other hand, if the case is reversed, if a man first writes and copyrights the drama, no one but himself can construct a novel upon it. The legal idea seems to be that a drama and dramatic representation are a more complete and inclusive work than a novel. A copyrighted drama contains both the published idea and the idea carried into action. The service to the public is here a double one; it appeals to two senses—of seeing and hearing—and it gives the twofold entertainment of perusal and of witnessing the performance; whereas the novel affords but one of these. But the dramatist who transforms the novel into a play gives it a new use, form, and purpose, and thus acquires, according to the decision, a new property. The decision has given Mr. Reade an occasion to write one of his bristling letters, in which he proposes a remedy which shall protect authors, who are also dramatists, from what is seen to be virtually piracy. He would have a law passed which should secure to the author an exclusive right to dramatize his novel for a certain limited period, after which it might be common game. He points out that while the dramatizing of a novel, in certain stages of its existence, works great harm to its success, in other stages it is a positive benefit to it. If the novel is dramatized when it is either incomplete or just hot from the press, the drama withdraws popular interest from it, and thus lessens its sales. But if the dramatization is done after the novel has run its course, and has become stagnant and heavy in the market, the representation on the stage

revives interest in it, and gives it a new lease of popularity. By his suggestion, the dramatic novelist would be able to secure all the benefit of his invention, while the non-dramatic novelist would be protected from the injury of premature dramatization by others; and would have the benefit of any adaptation which should be made at a time when the sales of his novel would be stimulated thereby, *A propos* of the rights of dramatic authors, it appears that Charles Reade is not alone in his troubles, but has for company the sprightly prince of *opéra bouffe*, M. Offenbach. This eminent composer has just leased the Gaiété Theatre, in Paris, and had made every preparation to afford the Parisians a sumptuous fare, comprising his most popular pieces, when the Society of Dramatic Authors, which is a powerful trade organization, stepped in and put their veto upon his design. It is a stringent law of that society that no manager shall produce his own works on the stage over which he has control; for the reason that this would tend to the unjust exclusion of the productions of playwrights who are not managers; and the substitution of inferior for first-class works. The younger Dumas, who is president of the society, and is very jealous of the rights of his craft, succeeded in putting the ban upon M. Offenbach; and the ingenious composer was forced to acquiesce.

— Is suicide ever justifiable? Until the other day, no one doubted that, to deprive of life, whether one's own or that of another, was criminal. Yet two Englishmen of distinguished learning and ability have boldly come forward to declare euthanasia, in some cases, a duty. One of them, writing in the erudite pages of the *Fortnightly*, posed the question with a temerity which naturally brought down upon his devoted head a hurricane of critical contumely; for, looking at it from a prosaically materialistic and humanitarian point of view, he declared that, where the self-sacrifice of life was necessary to the health or safety of others, and especially in cases where disease rendered it a mere question of a brief period that the life to be sacrificed would go out of itself, it was justice and mercy that it should be cut off. A man is a hopeless invalid; diagnosis shows that it is physically impossible that he should recover; his malady is such as to affect seriously the health of those who tend on him and wearily watch for the end; he suffers himself, and can only look forward to ceaseless suffering, to agonies and pains, to sleeplessness and writhing, until the happy release comes; he can look for no satisfaction, or pleasure, or mental profit, from the prolongation of such an existence. Why should he drag it along so wretchedly to the certain and not distant end? Why subject a loving household not only to the pain of witnessing his miserable sufferings without being able so much as to curtail them for a moment, but to disease and ruined health themselves?

The reviewer argues that, in such an instance, it is an absolute duty for the sick man to submit to voluntary extinction. But Professor Francis Newman goes further, and insists that the principle of voluntary suicide, as a sanitary and human resort, may be extended to broader limits. Imbued with the spirit of an age which more and more craves to be fortified by scientific exactness, Professor Newman insists on reducing the whole thing to a system. He would have the government establish a bureau of suicide; there should be a registrar, with a thorough education, and a fat salary, whose sole duty it should be to wait on would-be suicides, and take their depositions of voluntary consent to the proposed *auto-de-fé*; he would appoint a corps of physicians to determine above cavil whether the patient were beyond hope of recovery, and that his continuance in life was seriously noxious to others; and he would thus legally establish all the facts, and make the deed itself matter of official record. Professor Newman is inclined to extend the system of voluntary destruction to the incurably insane, but seemingly forgets that the principle element of it, as elaborated—namely, the free consent of the patient—could not be obtained in the case of the insane. Evidently a novel light is thrown by the professor on the subject of suicide, but he will find many formidable difficulties in the way of the adoption of his theory which would fatally disturb society as at present constituted, besides running directly counter to the prevailing state of religious convictions as to the sacredness of life, and death as the sole prerogative of a higher power than man.

MINOR MENTION.

— Mr. Richard Grant White, in a long review of Mayo's "Never Again," remarks as follows: "English critics have objected to the 'system of nomenclature' in 'Never Again,' saying, 'When we found that the leading performers in the little drama are called Hamilton Boggs, Whoppers, Sticken, and Ledgeral, we are affected by involuntary prejudice.' A more unfortunate and thoughtless criticism was never put forth. What would the critic say of such names as Justice Shallow, and Silence, and Pistol, and Nym (meaning 'take,' 'steal'), Sir Toby Belch, Malvolio ('ill-will'), Touchstone, Mrs. Quickly, and others like them borne by the performers in Shakespeare's little dramas, and of Knowell, Brainworm, Downright, Subtle, Face, Lovewit, Sir Epicure Mammon, Pertinax Surly, and Tribulation Wholesome, in Ben Jonson's? Surely a Saturday reviewer should have remembered that the best modern literature is filled with such nomenclature." So far from the English criticism being "unfortunate and thoughtless," it is altogether a just one, and expresses the nice, artistic taste of the day. That the names of persons in a novel may, and even should, bear some sort of subtle relation to the characters of those persons, is an accepted

canon in the art, but the old-time method of distinctly conveying character by name is quite foreign to modern usage, and objectionable to modern taste. The nomenclature in "Never Again," however, is not of this character; it bears no resemblance to the instances cited by Mr. White; it is simply, for the most part, coarse and vulgar. "Hamilton Boggs" and "Whoppers," as names, are products of a very rude sort of art, having only the cheapest and lowest kinds of comic literature for their authority.

— A good deal of indignation is expressed in regard to the slanderous pictures of American manners presented in Sardou's comedy of "Uncle Sam," which we have been permitted to see at the Grand Opéra-House. But is Sardou more reprehensible than many of our native writers? A critic tells us that the French dramatist has simply cut from the papers all the records of American crime he could find and pasted them together as a picture of American life. But Sardou might have copied scenes from our American comedies and our native novels, which would have afforded a scarcely less atrocious exhibit of manners and morals in the great republic. Our dramatists have insisted upon writing plays in which the American character is presented in every shade of vulgarity; our novelists are always delineating the parvenuism and "shoddiness" of the upper classes; our essayists have found fame and fortune in depicting the Potiphars of our "best society"; our newspapers are never tired of telling the world of the pinchbeck pretension, vulgar show, coarse breeding, and demoralized tastes of our rich families; and, in view of these facts, what right have we to complain if the foreigner takes us at our word, and assumes the picture we present of ourselves to be truthful? Let us pardon Sardou; but when next a native author gives us a comedy of the "Surf" or "Saratoga" order, or an American author justifies foreign prejudice in such a novel as "Never Again," let public indignation visit the libellous performance with emphatic censure.

— Americans have usually been credited with more than the average amount of shrewdness, yet it is doubtful if there exists any other people similarly advanced in civilization, which sacrifices more victims on the altar of credulity. We bite at any glittering hook, although baited with nothing more substantial than a promise. Shares in impossible enterprises, stock in gold and silver mines, that exist only on paper and in diamond-mines with a still more shadowy foundation, "city" lots of scarcely Liliputian size a day's journey from civilization, tickets in gift-concerts and in lottery libraries, patent medicines and poisonous cosmetics, bogus jewelry and bogus money, all find a ready sale among us. It would seem as if the experience of those who have gone before, who have proved to their sorrow the worthlessness of all such speculations, would have some effect on those tempted to follow their example; but there appears to be no diminution in the number of those anxious to invest in the chances of securing a fortune without labor. One of the most peculiar manifestations of this American idiosyncrasy, is the belief prevalent in a number

of families of the existence in England of vast estates, and of vaster sums in pounds sterling, the lawful inheritance of which, in default of heirs on the other side of the water, now vests in them. There are shrewd lawyers who take advantage of this weakness, and make a living by investigating such claims. The *modus operandi* is very simple: Suppose that the property is left by the Brown family. It is assumed that the heirship must be in some one of the name in this country. The matter is advertised, every Brown is flattered with the hope that the claim may be substantiated; a family meeting is called, a committee appointed, money subscribed, and the fortunate lawyer is sent abroad to study the family genealogy, and to investigate the question in its legal aspects. If he is shrewd enough he can feed the vanity and cupidity of the family with glowing promises of ultimate success, and make a life business of it. All the Browns believe that they are on the point of grasping a fortune, and subscribe freely; and so the matter runs on from year to year. All the returns they ever receive are an apocryphal genealogy and a gorgeous coat-of-arms, which, perhaps, some of them consider compensation enough.

— Another peculiarity of many of our citizens, is the adoption of coats-of-arms and of heraldic insignia and mottoes, to which they have no shadow of a right. They assume, if their family name happen to be found in the general armory, that the arms there given belong to all bearing the same name, and forthwith have them emblazoned on their carriage-panels, and displayed about their houses, with as much pride as if they had won them by their own valorous deeds. Robinson, whose ancestor may have been of "low degree," perhaps a *filius nullius*, adopts all the insignia of Robinson who won his spurs in the Crusades, or an earldom at Agincourt; whereas, he has no more right to the arms than he has to the title, and is probably no nearer related to the noble Robinson than any other son of Adam. We would not deny the right of any American sovereign to seize upon and to apply to his own uses any gorgeous coat-of-arms that suits his taste, but we suggest that it would be more in accord with his traditional independence of spirit to invent one embodying his own ideas, rather than to appropriate one belonging to somebody from whom he cannot prove descent.

— The advice of the Apostle Paul to avoid foolish genealogies as unprofitable and vain, is not heeded in these latter days of wisdom. The number of published American genealogies has already reached several hundreds, and the most of our principal families are taking measures to preserve their records in some enduring way. Even Paul, we think, could have looked into futurity and seen the necessity of a pedigree to the modern man of wealth, would have modified somewhat his peculiar notions in this regard. But we do not intend to cast ridicule on what we believe to be a meritorious ambition. The man who takes no pride in his descent from a virtuous ancestry, can have but little self-respect, and we would prefer to see him carry his harmless vanity to excess, rather than ignore it or despise it as puerile. By all means,

let us have collected and preserved, while it is yet possible, the genealogies of all our principal families. They will be invaluable in the future, as well for historical and legal reference as for the use of those to whom they more properly belong. In the New-England States the work of tracing a family is comparatively easy, as the early town records were kept with the utmost care; but in the Southern States the genealogist has to depend mostly on private papers, and, when they are not to be found, on tradition. Of course, pedigrees not founded on documentary evidence, are of little value, but their truth may often be proved by extrinsic circumstances.

— Amid our many dramatic readers of the season was Mr. Alfred Ayres, whose rendition of "Hamlet" was free from that clap-trap and platform buffoonery which we have recently had occasion to condemn. It was a reading rendered noteworthy by a certain intellectual finish and dignity, that made it worth the attention of intelligent auditors; with a little more mellowness of tone, a nicer use of lights and shades, a somewhat freer and less weighty delivery, it would have left us nothing to wish for. But it was specially interesting to Shakespearian students, on account of various new renderings, and by an earnest effort to closely express the thought of his author, even sometimes by a broad divergence from accepted methods. A thirst for originality often leads an actor or reader into eccentricities; this error Mr. Ayres was not guilty of—he did not aim to be original, only so far as close analysis was capable of eliciting a fresh but well-sustained interpretation. A notable innovation was the transferring of a soliloquy in the fourth act to the third, placing it just before the interview with the queen. This soliloquy is never spoken on the stage, and as it not only affords an admirable exhibit of Hamlet's character, but seems to express the condition of Hamlet's mind in the scene with his mother, in which he unhappily alays Polonius, Mr. Ayres's transposition is judicious, and we should like to see it adopted on the stage. The lines are as follows:

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed?—a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To mould in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event—
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part
wisdom,
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me.
... Rightly to be great
Is—not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep?

... Oh, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
Mr. Ayres, as we have said, is a thoughtful and suggestive reader; good taste united with dramatic force characterizes all he does. He

has a handsome face, a good presence, and a voice of excellent quality.

— The genial editor of *Scribner's* thinks that Bulwer's novels must pass away because there is no heart in them. "Heartless art is loveless art, useless art, dead art." "Bulwer," he thinks, "is a name whose home is in catalogues and biographical dictionaries. Dickens is a man whom the people love." But the popularity of Dickens already wanes somewhat, and with one class his appreciation declines, specially on the ground of his excessive "heart." His pathos is discovered to have been bathos, and the "death-scenes" that at one time set the whole world of novel-readers in tears, are now pronounced mawkish and overdone. They simply excite the disgust of many readers. The perpetuation of a novelist's fame depends more upon popular taste than any thing else, and, as in each generation there is developed a distinctive literary fashion, the best-read books of to-day are likely to be neglected a few decades hence. There are qualities in Bulwer's novels, whether we deny him heart or not, that once set the world agog; if he is read less now than formerly, he is not different in this particular from all of his predecessors, and many of his compeers. It is the almost inevitable fate of the novel to pass away with its age; this was the case with all the novels that preceded Scott; it is becoming true of Scott and his immediate successors; it will certainly be the fate, in a measure, of the most favorite of living novelists.

— A rich, unlettered father; an idolized and gifted son, who goes up to London and becomes infatuated with the daughters of the metropolis; a visit of the old couple to the prodigal son's elegant quarters; the ruin of the father in paying the spendthrift's debts; the expatriation of the son, and his eventual return with wealth to restore the old man to fortune—these incidents make up the story of Mr. Boucicault's new comedy, "Daddy O'Dowd." They have few elements of novelty, and yet they are wrought by the skillful hand of the dramatist into a play that has all the effect and the charm of freshness. It is marked by great nobility of sentiment; even the prodigal is full of manliness and latent virtues; and the pathos of the story renders dry eyes possible only with those who are too insensible to feel. Poor Daddy O'Dowd, cast down from his fortune, with gray hairs and tottering limbs, trudging wearily through the streets with his wheelbarrow, wherewith, in all kinds of exposure, he earns his daily bread, with never a murmur of complaint, presents a picture sure to awaken the keenest sympathy. Comedies of this character are not of the highest intellectual order; but they serve, before a mixed audience, a better purpose than even the more pretentious performances, in giving pictures of homely but high-minded characters, and in illustrating sentiments the moral of which goes home to every nature.

— Miss Cushman, as a reader, comes nearer to the ideal of what some one calls the "platform artist" than any that have appeared before us. She is even better than Mrs. Kemble; with less grace and vivacity,

perhaps, but in the purely tragical scenes she is less ponderous, more natural, and more genuinely filled by the passion of the scene. It would be absurd to compare her with a pretender like Bellow, notwithstanding the fact that this gentleman is claimed to be "the greatest living elocutionist," for she is always the inspired *artiste*, and he commonly the inspired sham. Miss Cushman's reading of "Henry VIII," with which she opened her course in this city, was simply admirable; one might have differed from her in the interpretation of some of the characters, and some of the lines; but no one could fail to applaud the largeness of the conception, and the subtlety of the analysis. Her voice is pure and exquisitely modulated, while its power of dramatic expression is adequate to all the duty imposed upon it. To complete and masterly knowledge of her art and her theme she adds a genius which gives superb life and spirit to her personations. It would certainly be preferable to see her play Queen Katharine than hear her read the part, for always, and under the best circumstances, the effects and the illusions of the play lose something at the desk; but to Queen Katharine, when given as a reading, we have added her masterly rendition of Wolsey, and her spirited interpretation of the king; and to see Katharine, Wolsey, and the king, on the stage, each equally well presented, and all in the hands of genius, is a treat unknown since the time of the Kembles. Miss Cushman gave also a series of miscellaneous readings that simply fascinated her auditors. The recently popular poem of "Betsy and I" gained a new significance at her hands, and Tennyson's "Grandmother" was rendered with striking effect.

—The *Times* thinks that it is the merest sentimentality to say that the interests of the laborer and his employer are the same; on the contrary, they are directly opposed to each other. "The one must get all the money he can for his work, and the other must get all the work he can for his money. This fact has got to be clearly accepted before the great contest between labor and capital can be understood, or intelligently discussed." This is partially true. The interests of capital and labor are identical, so far as production is concerned; each derives advantage from those methods by which labor obtains the best and most economical results; but, in the division of the profits of this production, there is a natural and probably irreconcilable antagonism.

—We are pleased to note that nothing can exceed the coaxing consideration which one class of public servants show toward the animals entrusted to them. It is really a pleasure to a Berghian to see a mounted policeman with his horse. These animals—some of which do great credit to those who select them—seem as fond of their riders as the traditional Arabian. In Irving Place, for instance, they may be seen following their masters like dogs, and that the key to this conduct is kindness may be readily discerned, for, if the passer-by wait a while, he will see the steed thrusting his soft nose into his rider's hand to nibble the apple, or morsel of bread, or sugar, which is kept for his special delectation. We heartily wish the example of the police may be widely imitated.

Correspondence.

"The Cool of the Evening."

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

THERE is a little story now going the rounds of the papers about Lord Houghton (whom some of the editors call Richard Monckton Milner), the genial English poet, and the warm advocate of liberty of conscience, who "considers religious equality the birthright of every Briton." It is said that the reason he has been called, in recent caricatures, "The Cool of the Evening," is that, some thirty years ago, "being at his club late one afternoon in company with Count d'Orsay, and hearing some *habitués* of Gore House propose calling on Lady Blessington, Lord Houghton exclaimed, 'Oh, yes, and I'll go with you.' 'Indeed,' answered Count d'Orsay, loftily, 'are you acquainted with her ladyship?' 'No, but that's of no consequence. I'll accompany you, my dear fellow.' 'So you shall, so you shall,' retorted d'Orsay. 'You shall go with us, and I'll introduce you to Lady Blessington as the "Cool of the Evening."' From that day to this Lord Houghton has never been able to rid himself of a richly deserved witticism. There are some things the world never forgets."

The editorial world, or a portion of it, seem, however, to forget that this story over which they are chuckling is an exceedingly old one, which has been told a thousand times before, like the modern illustrations of Hibernian simplicity, many of which were laughed over centuries before the Christian era. Greeks grinned before Irishmen at the simpleton who resolved never to go into the water till he had learned to swim, and at the man who attempted to keep his horse alive without food, and who failed just at the moment of success by the obstinate brute dying. We do not, however, claim for "the cool of the evening" an ancient Greek parentage, but that it is at least older, by several years, than Lord Houghton, having originated in the first cycle of the century, under the following circumstances:

The Rev. Sydney Smith was complaining of a young gentleman who, although many years his junior, was in the habit of addressing him by his Christian name, a privilege which, as the witty Canon of St. Paul's remarked, he only allowed his most intimate friends. Shortly after the gentleman in question entered the room, and familiarly addressing Smith as "Sydney," inquired how he thought of spending the day. "For my part," he added, "the Archbishop of Canterbury has often invited me to pay him a visit at Addington Park, and I think I shall drive down, and return in the cool of the evening." "Ah," replied Smith, "then let me give you a bit of advice; I know something of the archbishop: he is a very excellent man, but rather proud; don't call him 'William,' he might not like it." Of course a roar of laughter followed this significant speech, and, as the door closed behind the discomfited youth, Sydney turned round and quietly remarked, "I think I have settled 'The Cool of the Evening' at last."

J. G. W.

Art Notes.

The Kensett Pictures.

THE Kensett collection at the Academy of Design lately was remarkable as an evidence of the character and life of the artist, whose recent death made so deep an impression, and left so great a void in our art-circle.

The most careless visitor, entering the gallery and studying the pictures that covered the walls, could scarcely avoid the sense that he was really standing within the sanctuary of Mr. Kensett's true life. Some one has said that words were made to conceal thought; books may have the same capability; but, in the presence of this immense collection of studies from Nature—the works of one man—it must be a stupid person who could have escaped the conviction that he was indeed reading a genuine autobiography. It is very seldom that so many impressions of natural scenery, recorded by a first-class artist, have been collected together at one time; and the outside world has rarely possessed an equal chance to study the gradual growth of a poet-artist's mind. The pictures, unfortunately, were not chronologically arranged, and this prevented the ordinary student from watching that progress in ideas which finally elevated Mr. Kensett to the foremost rank of our landscape-painters. We say ideas, because his feeling and handling of material were charming from the first, but the thoughts which made his works peculiarly his own were not developed at the outset. It was a refined nature and a gentle heart that, from his early days, guided Mr. Kensett's brush; and his pleasant portrait, which hung in the Academy above his pictures, seemed to preside fittingly over them all, and his presence to rest with a kind of hush above the groups of people who gathered to look at the many works which filled so large a part of his life. These pictures were very generally studies, and, to all who knew their author, it was a pleasure to recall, through them, hundreds as they are in number, what a happy life he must have led. Each picture was the record of a beautiful or pleasant or romantic impression in the midst of the best of our own scenery or in foreign lands, and they each showed that the "ideal form," using the words in the philosophical sense, which was in his mind when he began to paint, has taken constantly a completer form of expression.

"For every spirit, as it is more pure,
And has in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure to habit it,
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

These sketches, in their series, made a pleasant record, and showed from what charming scenes he drew his inspiration. The glory of the sea and trees and rocks had early affected his imagination, and it makes one glad to remember that a man of fifty could have had so many days of conscious happiness, of which the multitude of different sea-side views in this collection told a story which couldn't be mistaken; and yet these sea-views occupied but a portion of his days, for a forest of fine trees filled his world; and one envies him the delicious shade of pines and the pure breezes from mountains, and the noises of babbling brooks, which he lingered among long enough to paint their waters, rushing through mossy rocks, while mountain-breezes blew on him during the time he took to portray crags, and peaks, and gorges, and sunny valleys, in the same sketch. The student asks himself: "Was it from an Adirondack canoe that he painted these sun-flecked hills, and brought the blue waters of the Saranac right up to the feet of the spectator? And where did he stand in a September day while he watched and painted the surf of an Atlantic storm breaking over Eagle Cliff, at Manchester?" He was really there, and must have remained long enough to delineate the scrubby brushwood, hugging and creeping over the purple-and-orange rock

of the cliff; for we remember every detail which he has recorded.

Besides these stories of art and happiness, the pictures told another one of companionship and sympathizing friends. His early works show that Cole was at that time the master whose works had fired his imagination; and the care with which he must have studied the landscapes of that artist appears in the dark, heavy foliage of some of his sketches in England; in the trees clad in green foliage to the ground, before the light of common day was yet good enough for the young painter.

We remember when the Conway sketches were made; when Kensett and Durand, and a party of other artists, with camp-stools and sketch-boxes, waded the Saco and painted the cliffs of the Conway Ledges, with the birch-trees and mossy rocks under them. At that time Kensett had made himself famous from his rocks and trees, and in all that set of pictures those features are delightful. Nobody ever became a great artist whose work did not grow simpler as he went on; and of late years there has crept a softness and delicacy into Kensett's blending of lake and shore, of gray distances, and deep ravines, and from this hazy gray or brown, shoot shafts of rock, clear trees defined against the sky, and distant mountain-peaks—a blossoming of the simple tints and forms into charming detail.

Every one who saw the Kensett collection must have been greatly impressed with the industry of the man. Constant, active, live thought shows in all of them; and they all prove that he was striving for higher excellence; the vague dawnings of ideas and interpretations appeared in some—these are carried further in others, when new sets of purposes appear, and always show advance. Such a record of a man unfettered by mannerisms, and always pressing forward, is an encouragement to every student of art.

Literary Notes.

"LAKEVILLE; OR, SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW," by Miss Mary Healy (recently published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.), is not a great novel, perhaps, but it is a refreshingly good one. Miss Healy has had the wisdom and the true artistic sense to see in the life of a great Western city features that could not be dismissed with a laugh or a sneer, but that offered to the novelist and the student of humanity material of perfect freshness, and of as much real worth as the complications of another society. We, in our arrogant little row of seaboard States, see this too seldom; and few of us know the West as it truly is, conceiving of the dwellers in the cities as people of "enterprise" alone, makers of money, coarsened types of men. We do not realize how rapidly a social side, too, is growing conspicuous among the elements of Western life—a social side, just such as Miss Healy has admirably drawn; not to be scoffed at as the inextinguishable British tourist scoffs; not shown us by people who say "expectorate," and spend their time with their feet perennially on their mantels; nor yet a society composed of individuals of the highest culture; but a social side of life which we have an opportunity to view just when its strength is taking on polish—when its energies are learning that they can work better by the aid of finer elements than they have heretofore acknowledged. That writer who could take an instantaneous photograph, as it were, of this transition state, would be doing the truest service at the same time that he proved him-

self great. If she has not quite done this in its fullest sense, Miss Healy has at least attempted it with no small degree of success. Under the very thin disguise of "Lakeville" (and, indeed, we cannot help thinking the title one of the few positively weak points in the book) Miss Healy hides Chicago; and, taking her young heroine, Valerie Turner, from a convent boarding-school, she plunges her at once into the thick of the social life of the lakeside city. The family of Mr. West, the young girl's guardian, receive her, and she becomes, in some sense, one of them. They are admirably depicted, these Wests, and the two daughters of the family are among the best-drawn characters of the book. We will not sketch the plot; we hold that to attempt this in a brief review is an injustice to author and reader; but we must give some hearty words of praise to the manner in which Miss Healy has kept to the golden mean of a writer of romance, neither allowing her evident detestation of much that she describes to lead her into conveying the impression that the greater part of the life she draws from is false and low, nor permitting herself to idealize in the effort to prove that all is good. We like the book, and though, as we said, it is not a great work, it is the nearest approach to a worthy representative of American society novels that we have seen for many months.

"Frank Fairleigh" and its rollicking companions have recently appeared in the large, paper-covered, cheap editions of Messrs. Peterson, that have made familiar to so many American readers the startling productions of Alexandre Dumas, and Lever, and others without number. Now, while we highly approve of cheap editions of all sorts, and think no books of the popular and cheery order more worthy of wide distribution than those by the author of "Frank Fairleigh," we experience some pain when we see them in this particular form, which has long been a source of the deepest and best-grounded horror to our mind. Why the Messrs. Peterson should continue, through a long series of years, to bind some of the best-known and most popular books in the world in covers that would certainly fill any properly-constituted savage with dismay when he looked at them, and that in civilized life make us doubtful of the character of anybody we see reading one in a railway-car, until we have looked at the book's title—why they continue this, is, we say, a mystery to us. It certainly cannot be any more expensive to give us plain brown, or even yellow, covers; it cannot render the editions any less popular that they have respectable exteriors; and certainly the books themselves can be read with more pleasure when one has not an uneasy feeling that there is a hideous woodcut on the outside. It may not be strictly a part of our literary duty to criticise these things; but may not one who has so constantly to talk of the contents of books have the privilege of speaking a word concerning their dress also?

"The Foreigner in Far Cathay," is a little book on life in China, by Mr. W. H. Medhurst, British consul at Shanghai. Besides being bright and entertaining, Mr. Medhurst's papers are unusually fair and reasonable in tone toward the Chinese, and unusually sensible in regard to all the Eastern life of Europeans and Americans, both in its social and more practical aspects. The unpretentious character of the author's expression of his views, gives them an additional charm; he does not lecture dogmatically on his theme, but, in the guise of pleasant talks, gives his countrymen "a sight of good advice." If they heeded much

of it—or had heeded it long ago—the foreign population of the Chinese ports would lead a happier and a healthier life. Mr. Medhurst's descriptions of Chinese character show no little ability of observation and breadth of thought; he seems to us to praise and condemn with unusual discrimination, and to show very little of what might be called the Chinese element in the English and American character—that which makes your true Anglo-Saxon think all races barbarous but his own. (Scribner, Armstrong & Co., publishers.)

"Woman in American Society," by Abba Gould Woolson, is perhaps not quite so ambitious a book as its somewhat sonorous title suggests; but it is none the worse for that. Essays on the phases of a woman's life, from girlhood to age, make up the volume; and, although we confess to finding no particularly deep or original thought in their pages, they are healthy, and have a tendency in the best direction. Utterly different in style from 'H. H.'s' "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," which we noticed last week, they are quite as sensible; and in them there is fortunately wanting a slight shade of overstrained sentiment that we could not help noticing in H. H.'s work.

We have not before had an opportunity to notice the excellent work undertaken by Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., in the republication of the *Practical Magazine*. The March number is as good as its predecessors, and its contents are of the same thoroughly serviceable class. An especially attractive feature of the periodical is the excellence of its mechanical engravings; and the general superiority of these to those given in publications of similar purpose. We hope the *Practical Magazine* will reach the class of readers it will most benefit—the leaders of mechanic arts, and the men to whom their trade is more than mere work for wages. We ought to have more of this class in America than they have in England; are there enough to worthily sustain a periodical like Mr. Osgood's venture? We earnestly hope so.

The little fortnightly journal, entitled *Hygiene*, published through the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, seems to be a successful undertaking for its conductors, it having, according to their statement in the last number, reached a circulation of ten thousand copies thus early in its existence. *Hygiene* devotes itself strictly to the purposes implied in its title, teaching the ounce of prevention that is universally acknowledged to be worth a pound of cure. The typography and the general arrangement of the little paper are excellent, and it seems likely to gain a position which will enable it to give more satisfactory editorial matter than its present confined space permits.

Accurately a seed catalogue is not literature; but the very fine descriptive volume issued by Messrs. B. K. Bliss & Son, of this city, is something more than a catalogue; it describes and handsomely illustrates all the plants that grow in vegetable beds, flourish in gardens, or serve to adorn the conservatory or the window-sill; and at this season, when Nature is preparing for her spring work, the information and suggestions it contains would prove entertaining to many readers. Two very handsome flower chromos adorn the volume.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are, we learn, about to publish what will be a great boon to many readers—a collection, in one volume, of Hood's prose works, to correspond with their edition of his poems. The book is of a most conven-

lent size, and has been very carefully prepared, containing the illustrations that "Hood's Own" has made so universally familiar. It will place within the reach of many purchasers an edition more complete than any that have thus far been published.

Scientific Notes.

FROM an able review of M. de Candolle's work containing statistics of men of science, we collate the following interesting and suggestive facts: The Royal Society of London has fifty foreign members, taken from all the sciences. The Paris Academy has eight foreign associates, and one hundred corresponding members, among whom there are generally from forty to seventy foreigners. The list of foreign associates commences with Huyghens and terminates with Agassiz. This list contains ninety-four names; and of the ninety-two whose antecedents are known, thirty-seven belong to the nobility, forty-nine are from the middle class, and six from the working-class. Of these ninety-four foreign associates, three only had sons who reached the same dignity. M. de Candolle cites this fact as opposed to Mr. Galton, who, in his work on "Hereditary Genius," has sought to prove that intellectual faculties are inherited as well as physical qualities. That the point is not well taken may, however, be seen from the further fact that, if the list of professions of fathers of eminent *savants* be studied, it is found that the profession furnishing the most is that of Protestant pastors, a class which, though often poor in earthly goods, is yet recognized as possessing superior mental ability. By far the most suggestive facts, however, are those relating to the religious bias of these members. Of the eighty-nine foreign associates of the Paris Academy whose religion is known, there are seventy-three Protestants and sixteen Catholics; a disparity the more remarkable when it is known that the population to choose from in Europe is estimated at one hundred and seven million Catholics and sixty-eight million Protestants. If we take the foreign members of the Royal Society of London, the Protestants furnish relatively three times more than the Catholics. M. de Candolle enumerates, as follows, the influences which in any country aid in the development of science and the encouragement of scientific research: 1. A well-organized system of instruction independent of parties, tending to awaken research, and to assist young people devoting themselves to science. 2. Abundant and well-organized material means for scientific work—libraries, observatories, laboratories, collections, etc. 3. Freedom of utterance, and publication of any opinion on scientific subjects, without grave inconvenience. 4. The habitual use of one of the three principal languages—English, German, and French—and extensive knowledge of these languages among the educated classes.

As the result of certain recent observations on the "Duration of Flashes of Lightning," Professor Rood has discovered that each flash of lightning consists of a considerable number of isolated and apparently instantaneous discharges, the interval between the components being so small that, to the naked eye, they constitute a continuous act. The duration of these isolated constituents varies very much, ranging from intervals of time shorter than one-sixteenth-hundredth of a second up to others at least as great as one-twentieth of a second;

it is, moreover, regarded as a singular fact that a variety of this kind may sometimes be found in the components of a single flash. Our readers will recall, in this connection, an interesting experiment with a chameleon top, which was described in a former number of the JOURNAL. By this simple test it was proved that the light of Geissler tubes was also intermittent.

The *Lancet* notices a series of experiments lately conducted by Drs. Payrer and Brunton, with the special object of ascertaining the best means of defeating the inevitable consequences of cobra-poison, namely, death. As the result of numerous experiments upon fowls and rabbits, the conclusion is reached that, if the heart's action in cases of snake-bite can be sufficiently sustained by *artificial respiration*, the poison may very possibly be eliminated, and time may be gained for the action of medicines of a neutralizing or stimulative character. As it may at times be needful to keep up this artificial respiration for a day or two, it is evident that there are serious obstacles in the way of a practical application of this remedy.

M. Cailletet is said to have observed that, when a shock from an induction-coil is passed through a tube containing gas under ordinary pressure, the light is feeble, and presents in the spectroscope very indistinct bands. But, if the pressure be slowly increased, the bands will become brighter and broader, producing in the end a continuous spectrum; upon reaching a pressure of two hundred atmospheres, the electric current ceases to pass. Should further observation confirm this statement, there will be presented to the physicist a problem of unusual interest, the solution of which may add greatly to the significance of spectroscopic observations, and aid toward simplifying certain perplexing astronomical phenomena.

A French commission, appointed to investigate the subject, have advised, as the result of a careful examination, that absinthe be included in the list of poisons, and that its sale be interdicted excepting on prescription of a physician. Not only does the drug itself possess poisonous properties, but its use is always accompanied by an inordinate consumption of alcohol; and it is stated that some who are addicted to it have been known to take thirty glasses of absinthe a day, the greater part of which is absolute alcohol.

It is stated that if a mixture of chloride of calcium and of sodium (common salt) is placed in the puddling-furnace, the phosphorus in the iron will be eliminated, the process shortened, and the quality of the metal improved. The mixture should be used in the proportion of about three parts to one part of phosphorus.

ATOMS.

The average weight of the brain in man to the weight of his body is as 1 to 36, or 1 to 40. In the mammalia, the proportion is 1 to 86; in birds, 1 to 212; in reptiles, 1 to 1,321; and in fishes, only 1 to 5,668.—Experiments have recently been made with the view of ascertaining how far soil is protected from cold by snow, when the temperature above a layer of four inches of snow was 14° below zero, immediately beneath it was 10° above zero; and under a drift two feet deep, 27° above zero.—While exploring a bone-cave near Jemelle, Professor Cousin, of Louvain, discovered a quantity of wheat-grains, together with bone implements and human remains.

The wheat was discovered in a stratum of angular flints, and appeared to have been charred. Though smaller in size than our grains, the discoverer believes them to be the grains of cultivated wheat.—A bill, drawn up by Professor Agassiz, was lately passed by Congress, which provides that alcohol can be withdrawn from bond by the presidents or curators of scientific institutions, for the sole and exclusive purpose of preserving specimens of anatomy, physiology, or natural history, or for use in the chemical laboratories of such institutions.—The government has appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars for the continuance of Professor Hayden's geological survey of the public lands, and ten thousand dollars for the completion of the reports of Mr. Powell's expedition.—A careful estimate gives the population of the globe as follows: Europe, 301,600,000; Asia, 794,000,000; Australia and Polynesia, 4,875,000; Africa, 192,520,000; America, 84,524,000—total, 1,377,000,000. London ranks first among the cities, having a population of 3,251,000.—In England, the number of deaths each year is one out of forty-three inhabitants; in France, one out of thirty-two; and in the United States, one out of eighty-one. In the latter country, the rate in the Northwestern States is one in one hundred and twenty; in the Middle, one in eighty-three; in the Southern, one in seventy; and in the Gulf States, one in sixty-three.—Another planet, the one hundred and thirtieth of the group of asteroids, was discovered at the Litchfield observatory, Cheriton, N. Y., on the night of February 18th. The discovery was at once announced to the Astronomer Royal, England, in a "cable" telegram, under the recent arrangement already noticed in the JOURNAL.—The town of Fredonia, Western New York, has, for more than forty years, been fully or partially lighted by gas which issues from springs at that place. At West Bloomfield, N. Y., there is a gas-well five hundred feet deep. The gas from this well is now conducted through pipes to the city of Rochester, a distance of twenty miles.—The total number of sewing-machines manufactured in the United States exceeds 3,500,000, with an addition of 580,000 in 1872. Of these machines, 2,800,000 were lock-stitch and 700,000 loop-stitch. The value of sewing-machines exported from the United States during the first eight months of 1873, was \$1,487,570. There are about fifty sewing-machine manufactories in the United States, which consumed during the year 1872 twenty thousand tons of iron.—Judge S. C. Hastings, of San Francisco, has given twenty thousand dollars toward the fund to erect a building for the Academy of Science, on the lot lately deeded to the Academy by Mr. James Lick.—The average diameter of blood-corpuscles scarcely exceeds two ten-thousandths of an inch.—The yield of the silver-mines at Corrales, near the boundary of Chili and Bolivia, is about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month.—Mr. Herbert G. Torrey, son of the late Dr. Torrey, has been appointed to the position of United States Assayer in New York, the post so long and honorably filled by his father.

Home and Foreign Notes.

MR. MEDHURST, for many years British consul at Shanghai, tells of a singular "card of invitation" which he once received in China. It was from a lady, intimating her intention to commit suicide at a specified date. She was very young and attractive, and belonged to a wealthy family; but the Chinese

gentleman to whom she had been affianced from childhood having died just before the date fixed upon for their nuptials, she gave out that she deemed it her duty to render her widowhood irrevocable by dying with her betrothed. So she sent cards around to the local gentry giving notice of her purpose. No attempt was made by her relatives or the local authorities to frustrate her design, though Mr. Medhurst appealed to the mandarins, the general opinion being that she was about to perform a meritorious act. Eventually, on the day named, the woman did deliberately sacrifice her life in the presence of thousands of spectators. A stage was erected in the open fields, with a tented frame over it, from which was suspended a slip of scarlet crape. One end of this slip she fastened round her neck, and then, embracing a little boy presented by one of the by-standers, she mounted a chair and resolutely jumped off, "her little clasped hands saluting the assemblage as her body twirled round with the tightening cord." The woman was not hounded on by a fanatic mob, as is the practice at suttees, in India, but the immolation appeared to be an entirely voluntary act. Sacrifices of this kind, according to Mr. Medhurst, are not uncommon in certain districts of China, and, strange to say, they are rewarded with monuments, sometimes erected by order of the emperor himself.

The *Athenæum*, discussing the titles of novels, suggests the following new ones, which it thinks would be attractive to the gentlemen who frequent "Mudie's": "The Men who loved her," "The Woman who said yes," "The Girl he left behind him," "The Wolf that ate the Lamb," "The Lover who rode away," "The Soldier who won the Cross," and "The Priest who prayed for Pardon." In the same way it turns off titles of still stronger flavor for the readers of sensational magazines, which are perused with burning eyeballs and furiously-throbbing hearts by the inhabitants of our kitchens; such as "The Mother who killed her Baby," "The Burglar who struck the Blow," "The Villain who did the Deed," "The Pricer he paid for Murder," "The Peer who mixed the Poison," etc. The advantage of this process is, that every story would suggest its own title, while, on the other hand, the title would give some hint of the contents of the book to which it is prefixed.

Mr. James Bonwick, of the Royal Geographical Society, in a recent work on Utah, describes a visit to a Mormon school. He says: "Proceeding to a slight and discreet examination, I was surprised at their lamentable ignorance. Of grammar and geography, they were wholly innocent, and the results of their more humble lessons were not remarkably apparent."—was a mortification to my Melbourne pride to know that, though some were sixteen years old, not one had heard of the place. They had known Australia by repute, but had no idea of its position. A few ventured upon a guess. One thought it in America, but the oldest lad briskly sang out that it was "along in Europe." Without doubt I saw the worst specimen of Utah schools; but then, as a lady friend in San Francisco said, 'it was only taught by a man, you know.'"

The public gaming-tables of which Germany has just seen the last, originated in the grand-duchy of Nassau, where, at the commencement of the present century, two citizens of Wiesbaden applied for permission to establish roulette and faro-tables, which, after some discussion, was accorded them upon the condition that they should pay an annual license of about forty dollars. They were allowed to ply their trade during the summer at Rudesheim, at Eltville, and other small Rhenish towns during the vintage; and to set up their tables in the streets and market-places upon all *fête* days. The game of hazard was, however, prohibited from being carried on in private houses, except upon the occasion of a ball or other similar entertainment; and the duke forbade his subjects, under heavy penalties, to take part in the play at any time.

A writer in the last *Edinburgh Review* tells how George II. got the news that he was king. An eager messenger, in jack-boots, who had ridden from London, forced his way into a bedroom in Richmond Lodge, where the mas-

ter was taking a nap after dinner. With a strong German accent and many oaths, the man in the bed, starting up, asked who dared to disturb him. "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. "I have the honor to announce to your majesty that your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his sacred majesty King George II., but that is how he came to be monarch, nevertheless.

M. Ballande, manager of the Théâtre de la Gaité, appeals to all dramatic celebrities of all countries for their support in the organization of a "Grand Molière Jubilee," to be held at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, on the 1st of May next. The plays of Molière will be successively given, with a different cast of actors for each play, and divers professors and men of letters will deliver lectures before the performances. At the same time the admirers of the great author can gratify their curiosity in a museum containing autographs, portraits, manuscripts, and rare editions of the works of Molière, together with the wooden arm-chair of a barber of Dax, in which he was wont to sit for hours observing the barber's customers.

Joseph Arch, the originator of the Agricultural Laborers' Union, and leader of that greatest of all the labor agitations of modern times, wields more power to-day, probably, than any other man in England. He has conducted himself with signal ability, firmness, and discretion, keeping his movement out of the hands of political demagogues, and making it irresistible on the points upon which he concentrated its force. He is about forty years of age, and Mr. McCarthy describes him as a stout, robust, florid-cheeked, dark-eyed man, with that curious stoop of the shoulders which, somehow, one seems to identify at once with the English agricultural counties.

An Englishman, Dixon by name, has for some time past been exploring the two remarkable chambers, known as the king's and queen's chambers, in the Great Pyramid. By means of a wire introduced between the joints of the masonry, he found a space, and was thereupon induced to bore into the walls of the queen's chamber, when he discovered a passage-way, eight by nine inches square, evidently a ventilating flue, whose terminus has not yet been found. Within the passage-way he found a bronze hook, supposed to be the oldest existing specimen of that metal; also a piece of carved cedar-wood, and a granite ball, which is believed to have been an Egyptian weight.

It has been very difficult to get at the exact losses of the Germans in the late war, but the War-Office has at length published definite statistics, showing that the total number of killed, wounded, and missing, amounts to 127,897. Of these, 17,572 were killed outright in action; those who died afterward from their wounds numbered 10,710; from sickness, 12,253; from accidents, 316; from suicide, 30; the total number who died being thus 40,881, of whom 1,534 were officers. During the war there were no less than 1,599 encounters with the enemy resulting in loss of life.

The German Government has decided to carry out a series of experiments in order to test the most recent inventions in fire-arms, beginning with the improved revolvers used in France and England. A new navigable air-balloon is also to be tested shortly; and it is proposed to make experiments with various explosive powders during the artillery manoeuvres in demolishing the works at Glanz. There is some idea, also, of constructing iron-clad railway trains, armed with heavy guns, after the model of those used by the French during the siege of Paris.

The coolie traffic has assumed dimensions that fairly eclipse the East-African slave-trade, which the Western powers are now trying to put down. Upward of twenty thousand Chinese subjects are annually shipped from Macao, in the China Sea, under various flags—French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, and Peruvian—for Callao, the guano islands, and elsewhere on that coast, never to be heard of more. No one of these thousands ever lives to come back and tell the tale of their wrongs and sufferings.

Mr. Thomas Holloway, the great patent-medicine man, has accumulated a fortune of about \$60,000,000, which he now intends to devote to charitable purposes. He is building an asylum for the insane on his estate, in Berkshire, which is to be the model establishment of its kind in the world; he has numerous other benevolent plans, which he is preparing to carry out; and, it is reported, that he employs six clerks in opening, reading, and answering such of the begging letters—a very small proportion of those he receives—as require or deserve answer.

King Louis of Bavaria is one of the most incorrigible bachelors in Europe; but it is reported now that a marriage has at last been arranged with the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Duke of Anhalt, who is now sixteen, and said to be very beautiful. The king's last entanglement was with an American adventuress, who came very near entrapping him into a marriage.

The Gatling gun, which will kill more men in a given time than any other machine in the world, except railroad-trains, is becoming widely adopted. Great Britain is introducing it on a small scale; Russia, Turkey, and Egypt, have each given large orders; and in the Army bill just passed an appropriation is made for the purchase of light guns of this pattern for use on the plains, and of others of heavy calibre to strengthen our defensive armament.

Considerable alarm has been occasioned in England by the discovery that horses are becoming very scarce, and that the price of them is rapidly rising. There has been an advance of nearly fifty per cent. in London during the past ten years; and when the War Department found itself in need of twelve thousand horses for the manoeuvres last summer, it had to import nine thousand from France.

The *Pull Moll Gazette* says the old-fashioned London policeman, with his swallow-tailed coat and chimney-pot hat, was more of an attorney than a soldier; and thinks that, though the bearded and helmeted constables of the present day are magnificent and terrible to look at, it is doubtful whether they can catch thieves like their predecessors.

An almanac, recently published in Armenian at Constantinople, gives some interesting statistics of the race, from which we learn that the Armenians number 4,200,000, of whom 2,500,000 are in Turkey, 1,500,000 in Russia, and about 15,000 in the British Empire. The real capital of the race is Constantinople, where they appear to be nearly 200,000 in number.

The turban, which for so many centuries has been the national head-dress of the Turks, has fallen into disfavor, and is likely to become extinct. The police of Constantinople have taken to excluding from the theatres and other places of amusement all who persist in wearing it; and it is surmised that the sultan desires to substitute for it that graceful product of our civilization—the chimney-pot hat.

General le Comte de Ségur, senior member of the French Academy, and well known for his history of Napoleon's Russian campaign, in which he bore a distinguished part as general of brigade, has just died, at the age of ninety-three. He was the last surviving general of that terrible retreat from Moscow, and has lived in retirement since 1848.

Sir Henry Holland, Bart., in a letter to a gentleman in this city, dated London, February 24th, says: "Professor Tyndall, who dined with me yesterday, has been exceedingly gratified by his reception in America, and by the success of his lectures there. He dwells, with much interest, on the banquet given to him at Delmonico's just before his departure."

An immense book is now in process of manufacture in Paris, containing the names of all the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects. One hundred and twenty-five compositors have been employed for the last three months on the volume, which will include 18,163 pages, and contain 380,000 names.

In France the old hand-presses, to which

we owe so many noble books, are coming once more into vogue, the publishers maintaining that they find it easier and less costly to print at these presses works requiring great care, especially those with cuts, where the edition does not exceed one thousand copies.

Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia has bestowed the large pecuniary dotation, conferred upon him at the close of the late war, upon the thirty regiments that served under him during the campaigns in Schleswig-Holstein, Bohemia, and in France. It is to be invested for the benefit of non-commissioned officers and reenlisters.

The German States Council have decided that the new coinage system of the empire shall include the maintenance of the *Mark*, in deference to the strong Prussian leaning to that hitherto national piece. But it is to become officially "a piece of three marks;" the main currency being in marks of the value of the English shilling.

Mr. W. G. Wills, author of "Charles I.," the most successful play in London last winter, receives from the manager of the Lyceum Theatre a retaining fee of three thousand dollars a year, besides a liberal sum for the drama itself, on the sole condition that he shall not write for any other theatre.

A deadly blow has been struck at a numerous, if not great, name. A member of the Ohio Legislature, seeking a short-cut to fame, presented a resolution the other day declaring it illegal to name any more babies "John Smith;" and it was so far considered that it was referred to a committee, of which John Smith is chairman.

The *Times* has made a careful comparison of the retail prices of St. John's Market, Liverpool, and Washington Market, New York, and finds that the cost of the various staple articles of food is, on the average, a third less in New York than in Liverpool.

Essad Pacha has replaced Mehemed Rusdi Pacha as Grand-Vizier of the Ottoman Empire, a change which is said to have caused dissatisfaction, because Essad is known to have become a supporter of the sultan's plan for an alteration in the succession to the throne.

The long-lost portrait of Molière, painted by Sebastian Bourdon, is believed to have been discovered among the Ingres collection at the museum of Montauban. It was "restored" by Ingres, who purchased it at a dealer's sale of old pictures.

According to the *Pull Mall Gazette*, the nations of the world owe their creditors the stupendous sum of \$90,985,000,000. Of this Europe owes \$17,060,000,000; America, \$3,865,000,000; Asia, \$675,000,000; Africa, \$195,000,000; and Australasia, \$190,000,000.

A white-marble statue of Queen Victoria, weighing seven tons, and representing her sitting on a chair, with a dog lying by her side, has just been placed in the vestibule of the state apartments at Windsor Castle.

There is a village in Kansas where no person of adult years has yet died a natural death, though the grave-yard is tolerably populous. Out of twenty-seven graves the occupants of twenty-six were killed in affrays, and the tenant of the remaining one was a little child.

Mr. John Hopkins, the Baltimore millionaire, has given four million dollars for the erection of a hospital for the indigent sick and orphans of Baltimore.

Tom Taylor, the dramatist, has retired from the British Government service with a pension of \$2,000 a year. He is fifty-five years old, and thinks that his best work is yet to be done.

The young Emperor of China assumed supreme power on the 24th of February, that day having been selected as propitious by the astronomical board.

The admirers of Mr. Ruskin will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding the opposition he has hitherto displayed, there is some prospect of a new and cheap edition of his works.

Mr. Tom Hood, that shadow of a great name, who edits *Pan* and contributes largely

to the annuals, is about to come to this country on a lecturing tour. Who next?

Doré is said to be engaged at present upon a new work, entitled "Paris," which is intended as a companion to "London."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MARCH 15.—Disraeli and the Earl of Derby formally decline the responsibility of forming a new ministry.

A new treaty signed between France and Germany relative to the war indemnity.

A new peace commission, formed to treat with the Modocs; Captain Jack reported anxious for peace. General Canby surrounds the Modocs in the lava-beds preparatory for a renewal of hostilities if negotiations fail.

Heavy gale at Cincinnati, Ohio; telegraph-wires prostrated.

Charles J. Cloak murders his wife at Philadelphia.

Death of Commodore William K. Latimer, of the United States navy, at Baltimore; and of Judge Leavitt, at Springfield, Ohio.

MARCH 16.—Large meeting by Irish Fenians in Hyde Park, London, in favor of home rule in Ireland and amnesty to Fenian prisoners.

Dispatch of a battle at Vera, Spain, General Nordas routing three thousand Carlists.

The pleasure-steamer Grace Irving founders off Duxbury, Mass., and eight persons lost.

MARCH 17.—The English Parliament adjourns until the 20th instant, to permit the formation of a new ministry by Gladstone.

Carlists, under Generals Olta, Perula, and Dorregary, defeated near Pampeluna by General Castaño.

Zarpey lynched at Monterey, California, for murdering Mrs. Nicholson.

Albert Keeler murders Ida Spencer, at Syracuse, N. Y.; trying to jump on a passing train to escape arrest, misses his hold and is killed.

The schooner Joseph Garland reported wrecked off the Massachusetts coast; twelve persons lost.

Judge Richardson elected Secretary of the United States Treasury.

Death at Cincinnati, Ohio, of Carlo Patti, distinguished musician, brother of Adellina Patti.

MARCH 18.—Riot in Wolverhampton, England, between three thousand English and Irish coal-miners; many wounded, but no lives lost. One hundred of the rioters arrested.

Fire in St. James Hotel, Montreal, at which several persons are injured, two mortally in jumping from the upper windows.

Intelligence of the wreck of the Steamer George S. Wright on her way from San Francisco to Sitka; all on board reported lost.

Advices of the foundering of the steamship Petersburg off St. George's, Bermuda, on the 7th instant; and of the wreck of the Ship Charlotte on the North Reefs, on the 8th instant; crews of both saved.

MARCH 19.—Francisco Salmeron elected President of the National Assembly of Spain.

Treaty between France and Germany, providing for the payment of the war indemnity and the entire evacuation of French territory by German troops on September 5th, ratified by the French Assembly.

An amendment to the Porto Rico Slavery Abolition Bill, providing for gradual emancipation, rejected by the National Assembly of Spain.

Intelligence of the arrest at Panama of a band of counterfeiters of Spanish and Mexican coins.

Frederick A. Sawyer elected Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

MARCH 20.—Gladstone reassumes the premiership with his former colleagues.

The Bull's Head Bank, at New York, suspends payments on account of heavy defalcations.

George McDonald, one of the alleged principals in the late Bank of England forgeries, arrested on the steamer Thuringia, at New York.

Forty strikers on the St. Louis, Kansas City,

and Northern Railroad arrested for interfering with trains.

The General Railroad Bill passes the New Jersey Legislature.

Death, at Jersey City, of Joseph F. Randolph, an eminent jurist.

MARCH 21.—Yellow fever epidemic in the fleets at Rio Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco; cholera epidemic at Para.

Intelligence of Indian raids upon Mexico from Arizona.

Intelligence of an insult to the British flag at Porto Plata, St. Domingo, by forcibly dragging from its protection Juan Nuezi, an ex-governor, and his two sons.

Execution, in New York, of William Foster for the murder of Avery D. Putnam; and in Boston of James McElhany, for wife-murder.

Erie depot, at Pavonia, N. J., destroyed by fire.

Charles Goodrich found murdered in Brooklyn.

Advices from Japan: British brig Bessie Seaglot foundered at sea, near Nagasaki; clipper-ship Serica wrecked near Puracelles; twenty-eight lives lost.

A special edict, tolerating Christianity throughout Japan, promulgated; the whole country thrown open to foreigners.

Notices.

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